McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLI. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, OCT. 20, 1904. NO. 41

State Library Harrisburg

BIG BATTLE IS SUSPENDED

The Japanese and Russians are Now Taking a Rest.

TERRIBLE LOSSES ON BOTH SIDES

Russian Loss 50,000 and Japs 25,000 —Rain and Bad Roads Have Checked Operations.

There has been an end, for the time being, of the fighting on a large scale which began when, on October 9, Gen. Kuropatkin announced to his army that the time had arrived for an advance against the Japanese. Heavy rains and consequent bad roads have made military operations on either side extremely difficult if not impossible. The interruption, according to advices received at St. Petersburg, is being utilized by both the Russian and Japanese commanders in making new dispositions of forces, and new objective points are likely to develop when active operations are resumed. A Tokio dispatch states that the Japanese government will seek to make representations to St. Petersburg through the American embassy against the use of Chinese uniforms by Russian troops in violation of the usages of war. Russia is hastening the organization of the second Manchurian army.

Putting aside consideration of the monetary cost of the present conflict between Russia and Japan and studying even briefly the figures, so far as known, of the losses in human life in the great battle which has been in progress below Mukden for over eight days, the whole world, Christian and pagan alike, must feel constrained to unite in a cry for peace. War in any form is bad enough, but in its present status in the Far East it has developed into brutal slaughter and nothing else. Here are the figures so far as obtainable at present:

Russians killed before Japanese right wing, 4,500.

Russians killed before Japanese center, 2,500.

Russians killed before Japanese left wing, 1,500.

Russians killed at other places, 1,500.

Russians wounded in engagement thus far, 40,000.

Probable Japanese killed and wounded, 25,000.

Total killed and wounded thus far, 75,000.

SENSATION AT MT. ALTON.

Italian Young Man Shot by an Enraged Husband—Victim is at the Hospital.

This morning's Bradford Era says: Mike Rich, aged 19 years, formerly of Bradford, was shot and seriously, if not fatally, wounded by Mike Lesnock at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning at Bondvein, near Mt. Alton. The shooting was the result of an alleged criminal intimacy existing between the victim and his assailant's wife. According to the reports of the occurrence, the pair had been suspected by the husband of undue familiarity for a number of weeks and he had instituted a careful watch over his wife's actions. On Wednesday the couple met by appointment, it is alleged, during the absence of Lesnock.

Lesnock's son reported the meeting of the lovers to the father, telling him also of the direction taken by the pair. Armed with a shotgun, Lesnock started in pursuit, and after a brief search suddenly came upon them in a clump of bushes. While standing almost over the guilty couple, Lesnock fired point blank at Rich, the entire contents of the discharge entering his hips and back, inflicting wounds of a dangerous nature.

Lesnock without further ado shouldered his gun and returned to his home. The cries of the wounded man attracted the attention of persons working in the woods nearby and he was removed to Mt. Alton where he was given surgical attention. It was feared that he would bleed to death and the surgeons in attendance thought for a time that his death would result before arrangements could be made to have him conveyed to the Bradford hospital.

Rich was brought here on the afternoon flyer and taken to the hospital, a telephone message from there last night night stating that his condition was serious but not necessarily fatal.

It is not known whether or not Mrs. Lesnock was also injured by the shot, as she quickly made her escape into the woods after the shooting affray and has not been seen since by persons residing in the vicinity of Mt. Alton. She is the mother of seven children, and according to an informant is not entirely responsible for her actions. Lesnock has not been arrested and is still at home near Mt. Alton.

Lesnock is a native of Poland and his victim is an Italian.

Gas lights and fixtures, globes, mantles, smoke bells, canopies, portables and brackets, mohair covered rubber center tubing, with patent ends—cut any length. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Travellers' Club Buffet Luncheon.

The buffet luncheon on Saturday afternoon, arranged by Miss Wright and Mesdames Brownell and McKean, was ideal in every appointment. Our club room was handsomely decorated in yellow and white, with potted plants that gave an harmonious color setting.

Miss Lucy Wright and Mrs. Powell gave an instrumental duet by Gounod, entitled "The Lullaby." Miss Brennan followed with a song entitled "Forgotten," by Eugene Cowles. Mrs. Scott Walker gave an instrumental selection entitled, "A Night in Spring."

After this musical treat came the luncheon proper, which was conspicuous for its daintiness, variety and excellence. Mrs. Brownell, our able toastmistress, introduced the following subjects: First, "The Club Outlook from the President's Chair," by Mrs. Young, who spoke enthusiastically and in a sanguine manner. "One woman cannot make a club but with the hearty co-operation of each member wonders may be accomplished," Mrs. Young spoke of the fine program as given in our Year Book; also of the good feeling and genuine club spirit expressed by members.

In response to "What it is to be a Good Club Member" this was Mrs. Gifford's leading thought: Almost any bright, active, conscientious woman whose heart is in the work will make a good club member. Again, the most popular and influential member is the one who can think quickly and express her thought in a clear and forceful manner. "Our Club House" was discussed by Mrs. Forsythe so clearly that we could fancy it before us as a monument in our town, through which much good emanates.

From Mrs. Gorton's address, "What to do to Create More Interest in Club Work," we quote the following: "We will make our club a place where helpfulness and kindliness go hand in hand. The golden rule is just as good a guide to club life as it is to home life and we wish it both to be adopted and practiced." This subject was continued by Mrs. Hogarth. "Our work is interesting, but we can make it more so by punctual attendance, extended reading, thorough preparation of work and more discussion."

***

Mr. Dresser Banquets Employees.

Hon. S. R. Dresser last Friday night banquetted the men who assisted in the erection of his palatial new home on Jackson avenue and his large warehouse on Patent Alley, Bradford, about 200 guests being present. The spread was a most sumptuous one and the best of feeling was shown between employer and employees.

After the dinner had been stowed away perfectos were lighted and the "boys" smoked up. Mr. Dresser arose and offered a toast to the president of the United States, which was drunk standing. After thanking the guests for their presence and expressing his pleasure upon being able to meet them on such an occasion, he made a short address on the duties of employer and employee to each other. Mr. Dresser said he believed in the golden rule in the labor question. Every employer and every labor union should do unto others as they would wish that others should do unto them. He believed in trades unions. He said that without them the American workmen would not be as prosperous as they are to-day. He believed in organization and the beneficent results to be gained by it. He cautioned the men not to forget the golden rule. When they were making a request or a demand, let them apply the question: "If I were the employer would I think it right to concede this demand?" and act accordingly The employer should do the same. Let him put himself in the workmen's place and ask himself the same question: "Am I getting fair treatment as a workman in the matter of pay, hours, etc?" and act according. If both employer and employee do this, it will end all labor troubles. Let neither ask of the other anything that he would object to were he in the other's place. Mr. Dresser's remarks were received with thunderous applause.

Mr. Dresser's remarks were followed by short speeches by several of the business, professional and laboring men who were present. All, especially the laborers who are in the best position to know, spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Dresser as an employer and citizen.

The Dennison Case.

As yet no official report has been rendered by the chemist in Buffalo who had charge of the analysis of the vital organs of the late James Dennison, and therefore nothing has been done in the case so far as the coroner's inquest is concerned. The medicines prescribed by the doctors for Mr. Dennison during his illness have also been sent to this chemist for analysis and as soon as the official report from both has been sent here the coroner's jury will be called together and the case disposed of. This report is expected at any time and next week we will probably be able to give the findings of the coroner's jury.

Subscribe for the Miner.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

David R. Bennett.—The subject of this sketch died very suddenly at his residence in Port Allegany on Thursday, the 23rd of March, 1876. He retired Wednesday night in ordinary health. Some time after he had fallen asleep his wife noticed that his breathing was somewhat unusual, and attempted to awaken him, but without success. All efforts were useless. He never awoke, but passed quietly and peacefully from an earthly sleep to the sleep that knows no awaking. He has suffered in a slight degree for a number of years with rheumatism in his arms and shoulders, and it is probable that his death was caused by the disease striking to his heart.

David R. Bennett was born in Columbia county, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1810, and was thus sixty-five years of age at the time of his death. He was married in 1832 to Miss Lucinda Irena Haight of New Lebanon, N. Y. She died after one year of married life, leaving one daughter three weeks old, who is now the wife of Dumont Stone, of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Bennett came to Smethport in 1834, and in 1836 married Correna, daughter of Henry Chapin. He has thus been a resident of McKean county over forty years, braving the hardships of the pioneer, winning by a consistent and manly life the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens, and leaving a large family to mourn the loss and honor the memory of a good father.

Not only is his death deeply felt in the circle of his own family and friends, but throughout the entire length and breadth of the county. "Uncle David R," as he was universally called, was known far and wide. He had a hearty, friendly salutation and a warm grasp of the hand for everyone. He has been called to fill important official positions in the county, and was respected and honored as a faithful public servant and a generous hearted public spirited citizen. He served as deputy sheriff under Nelson Richmond from 1840 to 1843. He was then elected sheriff over Joseph Mann, holding the office until 1846. In 1851 he was again elected sheriff, over John R. Chadwick, since which time he has not, as far as we can learn, held any public office, though he was a candidate for the same office in 1860, and was defeated by Jas. E. Blair. He was also a prominent candidate before the democratic convention for nomination for the office of sheriff last fall. He at one time kept the old Astor House in this borough and later the present Bennett House, and also kept a hotel in Coudersport. He had for several years before his death lived upon a farm near the village of Port Allegany. He leaves a wife, six daughters and one son. Four daughters are the wives of F. W. Hogarth of Port Allegany, L. W. Mason of Eldland, Tioga county, Pa., G. B. Crandall of Angelica, N. Y., and A. B. Armstrong of this place.

The funeral services were attended in this place last Sunday in the Baptist church. Rev. Rose delivered a very appropriate and affecting sermon, and the remains of the deceased were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of citizens.

Sheriff C. S. King has had a pretty hard fight against heavy odds for several months, and now, to clap the climax, is laid up with a broken leg. After being elected sheriff in a severe and closely contested election, he has been compelled to continue the battle in the courts to hold his office, and now before the question is decided he is laid helpless. The unfortunate accident occurred at Olean, in the Moore House, Saturday evening, April 8, 1876. He was engaged in a friendly tussel with Fred Freeman, over the possession of a key, and by some means caught his foot in such a way that he fell with one leg so twisted under the other that both bones were broken below the knee. Freeman had not attempted to throw or trip him in any way, and does not appear to be in any way to blame for the singular accident. It was nearly time for the train to start when the accident occurred, and he was brought home that evening. Dr. Freeman is attending the case and it is expected that the sheriff will be able to attend to business in a few weeks. He is well supplied with the necessary "grit," and keeps up his usual good spirits under the vexations and painful misfortune admirably.

We regret to learn that Mrs. J. P. Townsend of Clermont met with a painful accident the other day, by the overturning of a sleigh, resulting in the breaking of one of her wrists. It is fortunate that it was no worse. [April, 1876.]

Windsor-Evans.—On March 28, 1876, at the residence of the bride in Norwich township, McKean county, by D. S. White, J. P., Mr. W. Windsor to Miss Olive A. Evans, both of Norwich township.

Potato Crates, in any quantity. No matter what your wants are we can supply them. We make them in our own shop and carry a large stock on hand. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Miller-Hussey Nuptials.

At St. Elizabeth's church, this borough, at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, October 15, 1904, the Rev. Father P. Cosgrove united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. John J. Miller of New York City and Miss Elizabeth M. Hussey, eldest daughter of Mrs. Mary Hussey of this place. The ring service of the Roman Catholic church was used and the ceremony was performed in the presence of only Mr. William H. Hungerford, uncle, and Mrs. Edward Hungerford, aunt of the bride.

Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple departed amid a shower of rice, etc., from the hands of a few friends who had learned of the quiet wedding, for Buffalo and other Western points for a short honeymoon, after which they will take up their residence for the present in Joppa, Illinois, where Mr. Miller is interested in lumber operations. The Miner with a host of friends unites in wishing them a life of unalloyed happiness.

The happy couple were the recipients of many beautiful and useful presents from their relatives and friends. The groom's gift to the bride was a large solitaire diamond ring.

The Cutting Affair at Larabee.

John Kreby, who seriously injured Maria Blanca at Larabee on Sunday of last week, is languishing in the Little Valley jail until requisition papers can be procured when he will be brought to Smethport to await trial. It is expected that he will be brought here the latter part of the week.

Maria Blanca, the young woman who was injured, is still at the County Home and is rapidly recovering from her wounds, but she is very nervous from fear that she will be killed as soon as she is discharged from that institution. She still feels confident that the "Black Hand" or whatever society this may be has marked her and that she cannot escape them. The Buffalo police are of the opinion that there is some truth to her story, as published in the Miner last week, and are making an effort to ferret out this gang.

"Down by the Sea" Next Tuesday.

Many comedy dramas have been seen on the local stage recently, but it can be truly said that none has come here more highly recommended than "Down by Sea," the attraction billed for the Lyceum on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25. It is one of those true pictures of the pathos and reality of life, lofty in sentiment and natural in plot and character delineation. On its recent presentation in Boston the production was the subject of no little comment on account of the uniform excellence of the players, and the performance was enjoyed and appreciated. The play will be presented here next Tuesday evening with the same powerful company that was identified with the success of the original production. Many new and up-to-date specialties have been added and a most complete and interesting performance is assured.

Injured in Peculiar Manner.

Mrs. James A. McKean met with a serious accident at her home on Main street last Sunday evening in a most peculiar manner. While in the act of removing her shoes she placed her right foot on a chair to unfasten the shoe and raised her foot to pull off the shoe and she was taken with a severe pain in her hip and sank to the floor. Mr. McKean, who was nearby, picked her up and assisted her to bed, thinking it was nothing more serious than some sudden pain that would soon go away, but her suffering continued and Dr. Clark was summoned. Upon examination it was found that some of the large ligaments of the hip had been seriously strained and she will be confined to her bed for some time.

Died to Save His Sweetheart.

A McKeesport, Pa., dispatch dated yesterday says: James L. Curley, aged 21, a draughtsman at the East Pittsburg of the Westinghouse Electric Co., at a late hour to-night gave his life to save his sweetheart. Curley and a companion, named Myers, were escorting Misses Walters and Kessler to their homes, and while crossing the B. & O. tracks at 11th street a switch engine suddenly bore down on them. Curley gave the alarm in time for Mr. Myers and Miss Kessler to reach safety, but he and Miss Walters were a step or two behind the first couple and Curley seized Miss Walters and threw her bodily clear of the track. Before he could recover his balance the engine cut him to pieces.

Entertainment at St. Luke's.

Tuesday was St. Luke's day, the day set apart in honor of the saint for whom the local church was named and a social time was held in the parish house in the evening. A series of fifteen beautiful tableaux were given in which many young people took part. This feature of the entertainment was highly appreciated as was also the instrumental numbers rendered by Mrs. J. Scott Walker and Miss Mabel Camp. The entertainment was enjoyed by a large number of parishioners and friends and at its close refreshments were served upstairs.

ODD FELLOWS IN BRADFORD.

A Large Attendance at the Annual Reunion This Week.

BIG PARADE HELD ON TUESDAY.

A Canton Instituted—Good Weather Made the Event Most Pleasant —Visited Kinzua Viaduct.

The annual meeting of the Department Council, Patriarchs Militant, the military branch of the Odd Fellows, convened at 9 o'clock Monday morning at the I. O. O. F. Temple with an attendance of about 200 delegates and members. It was the opening event of the four days' convention of the Grand Encampment, I. O. O. F. of Pennsylvania, says the Bradford Era. The morning was devoted entirely to business matters of a routine nature, Gen. J. B. Andrews of Altoona, department commander, occupying the chair. At 3 o'clock the session was again resumed and continued until 6 o'clock before adjournment. It was decided to establish a canton in Bradford and arrangements were completed for the proposed installation at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

At 9 o'clock Tuesday morning the 75th annual communication of the Grand Encampment, I. O. O. F. of Pennsylvania, convened at the Odd Fellows' Temple in Bradford, with an attendance of over 400 representatives from the various lodges in Pennsylvania, and hundreds of local and visiting lodgemen. The opening exercises consisted of a public reception to the delegates, Grand Patriarch Howard R. Sheppard presiding. James A. Lindsey, in behalf of Tuna Lodge, No. 411, I. O. O. F., and City Solicitor F. P. Schoonmaker, as representative for Mayor Potter, welcomed the Odd Fellows to Bradford, giving them the freedom of the municipality, and promising for the citizens that every effort would be expended in attempting to make their visit a pleasant and profitable one. Grand Patriarch Sheppard responded to the addresses of welcome in behalf of the representatives, voicing their appreciation of the courtesies already extended, and kindly wishes for the city and residents. Following the public reception the Grand Encampment went into executive session for the business of the communication.

Shortly after 2 o'clock in the afternoon the parade of the Patriarchs Militant, Encampments and subordinate lodges was held, being the largest demonstration of its kind ever conducted in Bradford. The various organizations formed at the intersections of South avenue and Corydon street and traversed the following line of march: South avenue to Main, to Davis, to Kennedy, to Walker avenue, to Mechanic, to Corydon, to Webster, to Main, to Public square where the participants passed in review and were dismissed. The Patriarchs Militant, resplendant in their handsome uniforms, with decorations indicative of the degree of the respective patriarch, and the members of the encampments and subordinate lodges attired in a more serviceable uniform, presented a very fine appearance, the diversity in attire of the fraternal bodies adding to the attractiveness of the demonstration.

In the evening the officers of the grand lodge, Rebekah Assembly of Pennsylvania, were tendered a reception at the Slone residence on Washington street, by Madames R. H. Slone, L. M. Finney, Gus Herbig, J. E. McIntyre, and George F. Anderson. The Bradford members of the order were present in large number contributing to the success of the affair. A luncheon was served at 10 o'clock under the direction of the hostesses.

Wednesday morning the members of the Grand Encampment assembled at 9 o'clock at the Temple to continue the business session. At 2 o'clock the delegates were taken to the Kinzua viaduct on a special B., B. & K. train where they pleasantly spent a few hours sight seeing. In the evening the Rebekahs held a reception at the Temple. The convention will end Thursday afternoon with a special entertainment for the visitors.

Glass Factories Resume.

Tuesday night at 12 o'clock operations were resumed in both the Smethport and Camp window glass factories. Both factories have a full complement of men with the exception of the snappers who are out on a strike. In the meantime the blowers and gatherers are doing the work of these men. The glass is of a first class variety and the outlook for a long and successful season is very bright. The resumption of these two important industries will help the town to a great extent both industrially as a majority of the employes receive very fair wages.

If it's anything in hunter's supplies you'll find it here. The largest line of shotguns, rifles and sporting goods in the county. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Sickles, Catlin and King.

General Daniel E. Sickles, General Isaac S. Catlin and General Horatio C. King, old time Democrats of prominence and standing, and all of whom were decorated by congress for heroic conduct during the civil war, have declared for Roosevelt and Fairbanks. General Sickles and General Catlin have been printed heretofore among the Advertiser's prominent recruits from the Democracy. This morning we are able to add General King to the list. In a letter to the Advertiser General King forcibly sets forth his reasons for his support of the Republican ticket. The Advertiser also prints a patriotic appeal issued to surviving soldiers of the civil war and the war with Spain by General Sickles and King, and summoning them, without reference to past party affiliations, to come together once more, to uphold the honor, the glory and the integrity of our beloved country.

This appeal is a remarkable one, coming from two men who have been foremost in the ranks of the Democracy, the one having been a representative in congress and sheriff of New York, elected on the Democratic ticket, and the other the candidate of his party for secretary of state in 1905, a member of Grover Cleveland's official family while he was governor of New York, and who has served his party in a thousand useful ways as orator and writer. General King was once editor of the Democratic New York Star, and is an author of note. The appeal to which these two old veterans append their names is commended to readers of all parties for careful perusal. It sets forth in language that is unmistakable the reasons why all old soldiers should support the Republican ticket in the coming election, and will certainly wield powerful influence in determining action. Led by such a gallant trio as Generals Sickles, King and Catlin they will come in an almost solid phalanx to the support of one who is the friend of the soldier and the upholder of the honor of the flag, which has been baptized in the best blood of the land.—Elmira Advertiser.

"At the Old Cross Roads."

A genuine dramatic treat is promised the patrons of the Lyceum on Friday, Oct. 21st, when Arthur C. Alston's company will present "At the Old Cross Roads" here.

This play has been one of the most remarkable successes of the past two seasons, having been toured from coast to coast, and almost in every case received by audiences which tested the capacity of the theatres. The engagement at the Grand Opera House, New York City, will long be remembered in the annals of that house as the big auditorium was nightly, during the entire engagement, packed to its utmost, and the amount of money drawn was a record breaker even for that theatre which is a house noted for its enormous receipts. The play is conceded to be one of the best stories of Southern life given to the stage in recent years. Each character is drawn with a master hand and the plot of the play unfolds a deeply interesting and probable story. The company is a very strong one and contains such well known people as James M. Brophy, Evelyn Selbie, Thos. H. Ince, W. Burke Sullivan, Frank H. Kelly, Maurice Hedges, Louise Valentine, Annie Mortimer, Gertrude O'Malley, Ida E. Hazlitt and others equally as well known and well liked.

Seats on sale at Wells' drug store. Prices, 25, 50, 75c and $1.00.

Republican Mass Meeting.

The present political campaign was opened in Smethport last Friday night with a rousing Republican mass meeting at the court house which was attended by a large number of voters.

The meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock; County Chairman George Paton of Bradford presiding. Short speeches were made by Attorneys G. B. Mayo and F. D. Gallup of this place and Hon. J. M. McElroy and M. H. Houghton of Bradford. Each speaker held the attention of the audience and brought forth hearty applause. The principles of Republicanism were pictured in a fitting manner and reasons were given why the ballot should be cast for the Grand Old Party which has directed the affairs of the nation in such a way as to bring on unprecedented prosperity and shown to the world what a power the United States are.

At 7:30 o'clock County Chairman Paton met the committeemen and vigilance committees of the first election district of Keating township and Smethport borough. Plans were laid and other matters attended to.

$3.50 Regal Shoes $3.50.

Our representative, Mr. L. J. Wing, will be at Imperial Hotel Oct. 28, day and evening, with a complete line of fall and winter styles in men's and women's shoes. Mr. Wing is fully competent of fitting you to your satisfaction and guarantees same.

All styles, $3.50; express, prepaid, $3.75.

Headquarters, 1218 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

The President's Son

By CHARLES B. LEWIS

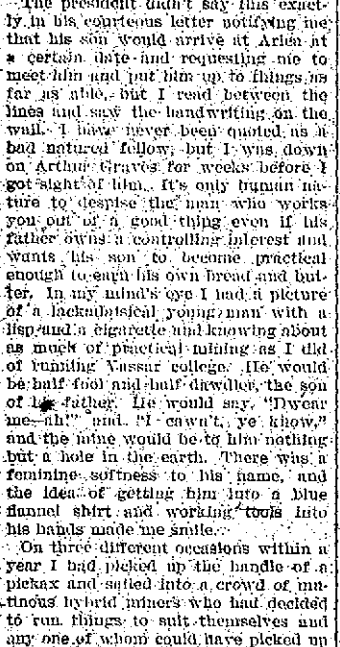
Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis

We had been working the Americano mine, situated almost on the dividing line between Peru and Chile, for two years before war was declared between those two countries. No complaints had been made against me as superintendent and engineer, but there came a day when the son of the president of the mining company graduated from Yale as a mining engineer, and his father had a job ready for him. I was to be shoved back into second place for a few months until Arthur had got a grip on the situation and was then to be politely dismissed, and he was to have full swing.

The president didn't say this exactly in his courteous letter notifying me that his son would arrive at Arica at a certain date and requesting me to meet him and put him up to things as far as able, but I read between the lines and saw the handwriting on the wall. I have never been quoted as a bad natured fellow, but I was down on Arthur Graves for weeks before I got sight of him. It's only human nature to despise the man who works you out of a good thing even if his father owns a controlling interest and wants his son to become practical enough to earn his own bread and butter. In my mind's eye I had a picture of a lackadaisical young man with a lisp and a cigarette and knowing about as much of practical mining as I did of running Vassar college. He would be half fool and half dawdler, the son of his father. He would say, "Dwear me—ah!" and, "I cawn't, ye 'know," and the mine would be to him nothing but a hole in the earth. There was a feminine softness to his name, and the idea of getting him into a blue flannel shirt and working tools into his hands made me smile.

On three different occasions within a year I had picked up the handle of a pickax and sallied into a crowd of mutinous hybrid miners who had decided to run things to suit themselves and any one of whom could have picked up Arthur Graves and broken him in two. Twice during the same year guerrilla bands had ...ed down on the mine and demanded toll money, but I had fortified the engine house, rallied five or six good fighters around me and driven them off. The cub from Yale would have swallowed his chin over it at the first shot.

It was while I was waiting the young man's arrival that war was declared, and it didn't take me long to figure out that the Americano was in a muss. We had the charter from the Chilenns, but they wouldn't let a little thing like that stand in the way of seizing such a valuable piece of property and declaring our rights forfeited under some pretext or other. As for the Peruvians, they would plan to goble it along with all else and would destroy it if they couldn't hold it. Within twenty-four hours after the news of war reached the mine a good half of the hands



"DON'T SCOLD ON US, OLD MAN."

were out and tramping over the mountains to offer their services to one side or the other, and there was no certainty that the remainder would stay by me for a week.

The next day a band of six Peruvian scouts descended on the Americano and were for taking immediate possession. Not a man among the hands could I induce to fire a musket for me, and I should probably have been shot out of hand had not an equal number of Chileans arrived with the same object in view. Of course there was a fight, and I had sense enough to stand back and let them have it out. The Peruvians were defeated and driven off, and only three of the Chileans were left alive, and as I seemed able to take care of them they gave up the idea of gobbling the mine and limped off to await a more favorable opportunity.

Two days after the affair of the scouts and at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when I was underground, I got word from one of the dozen laborers left around the mine that another enemy was in sight. I hurried to the surface to find one of the wickedest looking chaps it has ever been my fortune to see waiting my convenience. He was known as Pedro, the bandit, and had long been a terror on the coast. While he was a Peruvian by birth, he had no particular sympathy with his country. He robbed all alike and had been hunted by both Chilean and Peruvian. I had often heard of Pedro and had long expected a visit from him, but this was my first sight of him and his first call. I don't know what he would have said to me or how I should have replied to him, but before a word had been spoken we caught the hoof beats of mules and the tinkle of a bell, and visitors arrived.

Young Graves had shown up at last, but to my terror he had a girl with him, his sister Sue, as he gravely informed me. Even before I had scanned their faces I was calling him all sorts of idiots for being foolish enough to bring that girl into such a mess as I had on hand. Both of them saw the astonishment and the disgust in my face, but both laughed at me, and the young man said:

"Yes, we knew that a war was on and looked to find things a little out of joint, but Miss Sue was bent on coming, and her presence may prove a good thing. Don't sour on us, old man."

"Don't fear that I will be any trouble. I'm used to roughing it," added the girl, and both proceeded to dismount.

I had sent my man with an extra mule, but Graves had bought two more at Arica, one for his sister to ride and the other to carry the baggage. I caught sight of two Winchesters and a box of ammunition among the stuff and felt a bit consoled as I turned to the new arrivals. Young Graves was not a dude. He hadn't a cigarette between his lips nor a lisp to his voice. He stood near six feet tall, with his weight at about 160 pounds, and there was strength in his face as well as in his limbs. I felt that he would be a good partner in a scrimmage even before I got the hearty grip of his hand. His sister was a girl of about twenty, with fair face and resolute look, and the evil hearted guerrilla, who was standing all this time with his shoulders against the office building, whistling and humming by turns, had admiration in his eyes as he cast them upon her.

"Friend of yours?" queried Graves as he glanced at the guerrilla.

"No, not exactly," I replied. "Allow me to introduce you to Pedro, the guerrilla and robber. He arrived just a minute before you, and I think he has something on his mind."

"Yes, I have," said the fellow as he bowed to my visitors and cast a bold look at the girl. "I am here to take possession of the Americano. I was about to say so when these people came up."

"In the name of which government?" I asked as I looked up the mountain side and saw at least two dozen of his band sitting on the rocks with their weapons in hand.

"The government of Pedro, the bandit," he replied with another bow. "I know that most of your hands have gone, but I think I can induce others to work. How long will it take you to evacuate, Senor Engineer?"

"That depends on how long it takes us to wipe you and your ragamuffins off the face of the earth!"

Up to this moment Graves and his sister had failed to catch on to the true situation. They were rather inclined to think there was some joke back of it. The last few words made the matter plain, however, and the college graduate turned on the bandit and said:

"So, you have a little game to play? We were in luck to arrive as we did. Begin your circus as soon as you please."

"One moment, senor," said the bandit as he held up a hand in protest. "Let us have a fair understanding. Do you refuse to surrender and get out in a peaceful way?"

"Of course we do!" I shouted.

"Surrender nothing!" added Graves as his sister stepped to the side of the pack mule and received the Winchesters from the hands of the native.

"Then listen to me. I have come to seize this mine. There is my force. If you are not on your way out of this within half an hour no quarter will be shown you. Yes, it was lucky you arrived—lucky for me. I am desperate—ready to die a woman as well as the next man."

He had half turned to go when young Graves sprang forward and delivered a blow under his ear that sent him down like an ox. The fellow would have got something additional but that his men began firing and their bullets whistled about our ears. I got my Winchester from the office and began to return their good wishes, and after two of the band had pitched head first downhill the others had no doubt that I was shooting to kill.

"Plenty of time—take it cool!" I heard Graves call out as I fired my fourth shot, and by that time the baggage was being carried into the power house, and the young man and his sister were taking cover and sighting at human targets.

"It's a real row, isn't it?" asked the president's son with a laugh as he looked my way.

"It looks like one," I replied.

"Good! I don't like farces. There, Sue, you dropped one of them that time. Got the house fortified? Then we might as well go in, for I notice those fellows are making a flank move. Make a dash for it, Sis, and we'll follow. This is something almost as good as a campus rush."

The bandits fired enough lead to kill a hundred men, but the four of us gained the shelter of the power house without a scratch. It was fairly bullet proof and loopholed, and as we rested a moment after the dash I looked at the girl expecting to find her on the verge of hysterics. To my surprise she was shoving in fresh cartridges, and her face wore a smile.

"Mr. Chester," she said as she looked up and caught my eye, "you mustn't be disgruntled because I came along. I'll be as little trouble as possible, and I can handle a gun fairly well."

"But they may besiege us here for days and days," I protested. "It is a wild, rough place at best, but when you give us a desperate band of outlaws in addition—"

"But I couldn't get away now if I wanted to," she interrupted with a merry laugh.

The bandits came as near as they could find cover and opened fire at the loopholes. As they were safely sheltered for the time being we sat down for a talk and let them waste their lead. After the end of about an hour young Graves remarked:

"It will seem more like a fight if we try to drop a few more of those fellows. There must be a full score of them left, and perhaps that Pedro can rally a few others. What do you think of the situation, Chester?"

"I'm afraid it has a bad outlook for us," I replied. "We can't count on aid from any direction, and these fellows have certainly got us cooped up. There's food and water for three or four days, and we are fairly well off for ammunition, but what are we going to do when we reach the end of the string?"

We went to the loopholes and soon discovered that the bandits had grown careless. Within five minutes we had bagged two apiece, and then any further shooting was a waste of lead. We could safely figure on having reduced Pedro's force by ten, but I knew his reputation too well to believe that he would abandon his object on that account. Soon after our six strike his men ceased firing, and a few minutes later the bandit leader advanced under a flag of truce. It was his little game to get a closer look at the power house and discover its weak spot, but we balked him by halting him thirty rods away. He at first promised us safe conduct to Arica if we would surrender, but when we defied him he indulged in such threats that I felt my hair curl. Threats from Pedro meant more than bluster.

The power house stood on a level spot close up to the foot of the mountain and was not loopholed in the rear. The mountain side was thick with trees, bushes and great bowlders, and as the firing ceased I had a dim perception of the next move to follow.

"I'll tell you what their next move will be," said I as I thought it out. "If Pedro has got the sense I think he has he will work around above us and use powder to start an avalanche. He can loosen enough rock and dirt above us to sweep this house away like a cork."

"Yes, that will be his game," answered Graves, "and we have got to take long chances. We've got to get out of this and into the shelter of the woods, and if they see us and pursue we must make the best fight we can. Sis, I'm sorry I got you

WE DID NOT STOP TO RETURN THE FIRE

into this mess. You can see for yourself that there's mighty little show for any of us."

"Well, I'm not crying over it," she said as she choked up and the color left her face for a moment. "Make your plans and I'll help to carry them out."

He went over and put his arms around her and kissed her, and I am quite sure she had to shut her teeth hard and fast to keep the sobs back. After the moment of weakness he turned to me with a forced laugh and tried to put some hilariousness into his voice as he said:

"Chester, old man, we'll make a game fight for it and give the Americano and old Yale reason to be proud of us. Sorry for dad and mam and the little girl here, but we'll wipe out a few more of them before we go under. Which way does Arica lie from here? I'm a bit turned around, you know."

"To the southeast."

"Then we must make that way as long as we can push on. Sis, you have a pocket compass, remember, to the southeast. The distance is about thirty-five miles, I believe. Let's have a bite to eat, steel up our hearts and make ready for the dash."

When we had satisfied our appetites we made a thorough survey from the loopholes. No one was in sight, but we suspected that three or four of the bandits were concealed behind the bowlders to the north of us. Pedro would naturally leave some one on the watch, and the hiding place was near enough for them to open a flank fire if we left the power house. With my ear to the rear wall I listened for a time, and I felt sure that far up the mountain men were at work with pick and powder. It was time to go. We had our loaded rifles in our hands, and each had a full belt of cartridges.

"Don't want to hurt your feelings, pard," said young Graves, with a smile, "but I think I'll take the lead in this rush. Let Sue come next, and you act as rear guard. Well, I think we're ready. Open comes the door, and away we go!"

We had not traversed a distance of thirty feet when four rifles opened on us from behind the bowlders and four men uttered shouts of alarm. These bandits had good weapons and knew how to shoot. One of their first bullets grazed my left shoulder, but we did not stop to return the fire. We had a downhill run of forty yards with no shelter to speak of, and then came a creek and a narrow valley. As the bandits pushed lead after us we heard something besides the ping of their bullets and their shouts of rage. There was a dull boom far above us, followed by such a crashing as I cannot describe, and I for one knew that the avalanche had been started. I shouted to Graves to run faster, and, catching Miss Sue by the arm, I hurried her along at a more rapid pace. And our gait was really marvelous. It was none too fast, however. The avalanche was rushing down the slope at railroad speed, and as we leaped the creek it struck the power house and dashed it to fragments. For sixty seconds we fairly flew, and then Graves struck a rock and came down with a crash, and we fell over him. I thought it was the end, but we had escaped by a hairbreadth. The avalanche had wiped out the power house, office, storehouse, kitchen and barracks and after filling the creek ten feet deep had pushed halfway across the valley and exhausted itself. The dirt and limbs and bowlders were not five feet behind us when we rose up, and the fate of the four dead bandits was settled, for ... lay right beneath the edge ... [illegible] ... I do ... think we were surprised. At any rate, after a night in the ... [illegible] ... next day's travel we encountered a force of regular Chilean troops and ... an escort to the seaport, ... steamer for New York. ... would ... $50,000 to replace the machinery and buildings of the Americano, and it was useless to think of making a move before the war closed.

The title of my story may be somewhat misleading, as I have shown that the president had a daughter as well as a son. However, as he gave her to me, and she took my name within a year, I have made a modest effort to keep her in the background as much as possible and let the son reap what honors he could out of the affair.

The Microscope In Tibet.

The French traveler M. Huc, when in Lassa, in Tibet, early in the last century, commemorated his visit by presenting the dalai lama of the day with a good microscope, which was put to a strange test before all his court. Among unwashed Tibetans there is never any lack of insect life, and a courtier, producing a specimen from beneath the folds of his sleeve, handed it to M. Huc, who amazed the simplicity of the lama and his dignitaries with its magnificent proportions. The experiment over, there arose a little difficulty as to the disposal of the insect, which might not, by the tenets of metempsychosis, be slain. The owner reverently received it back and restored it to the happy hunting grounds of his own person.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

A PHANTOM FARM.

James Russell Lowell Got a Glimpse of It, So It Is Said.

A curious story of James Russell Lowell is told. It runs about as follows and deals with a "witch farm." The place is a forest near New York, at some distance, but within a walk from the city. On the edge of the forest a farm will at times appear which no one remembers to have ever seen unless he happens to be among the few who have had the uncanny privilege. There is no one about the farm, no sound is heard, yet there are signs of busy occupation. The door is open, empty milk pails lean against the wall, newly cleaned pans and dairy utensils and butter churns are set out to dry; clothes hang on the line in a little drying ground.

Whoever chances on the farm seldom stops long to look. He will pass on, thinking to himself: "I don't seem to remember that farm. I must inquire about it in town." In town not a soul knows anything about it, and never will that person see the farm again, however often he may return to look for it. Then others will go out to seek the witch farm. Over and over again will they pass and repass the very spot where it had been, retracing their steps and puzzling and saying: "It must be there. We have mistaken the way."

They are few indeed to whom the spectral farm has shown itself. Lowell himself once saw it. On the scene of the wood he passed a homestead which answered precisely to that described. Lowell saw it all and passed on without thinking, then suddenly stopped short with a feeling of something strange, turned and sauntered slowly back. But no house at all was there, and he was unable to find again the exact spot where it had been.

Better Than Stealing.

Many years ago a newly arrived highlander was being shown the sights of Glasgow by a fellow countryman. As they crossed a street they saw in the distance a dense crowd of people, and the newcomer asked what it meant. He was told that there was a man being hanged. He then inquired what they were hanging him for, and he was told it was for sheep stealing. He looked aghast at this news and at last exclaimed: "Ochon, Ochon! Hanging a man for stealing sheep. Could he no' hi' bocht them and [illegible] peyed for them?"—Reminiscences of Sir Archibald Geikie.

Thought His Gas Bill Too Big.

Mr. Peck had an enormous gas bill after he had had a gas stove one month. Protest to the gas company brought no explanation, so he went to the cook, Bridget for an explanation and opened the subject with: "How do you like the gas stove, Bridget?" "Sure, it's foine. I haven't had to light the stove but once since it came."—Boston Christian Register.

Nothing Truer Than This.

What a [illegible] deal upon [illegible] woman has in him.—Chin.

A VETERAN'S STORY.

How Col. Stone, of Catskill, N. Y., Was Cured of Bladder Trouble.

Col. Benj. B. G. Stone is one of the best known veterans of the Civil War. He writes, "I am 74 years old, but Dr. Kennedy's Cal-cura Solvent cured me of a bad case of bladder trouble of twenty years standing. Deposits accumulated, I suffered acute pains and I was in a bad condition. I finally used Cal-cura Solvent and after a few days great relief came to my bladder, and gradually but surely my trouble was removed. I am now in first class condition." All druggists, $1

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $45,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN
ORLO J. HAMLIN
RALPH E. BURDICK
FRED D. WILLEY
JOHN FORBES

UNDERTAKING

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

[illegible] & WADE
SMETHPORT, PA.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office. WASHINGTON, D. C.

CA-SNOW & CO.

L. K. HOGARTH

has a full line of fresh, new

Druggists' Supplies

Anything you want in patent medicines, drugs, rubber goods, fine soaps, perfumery, toilet articles, stationery, brushes, combs, chamois and sponges. Also the best cut glass and hand painted china. Twenty years' practical experience in compounding prescriptions is the guarantee of our accuracy. Prices satisfactory.

L. K. Hogarth,
Established 1865.
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

[illegible] of
Smoked
MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS
and
DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

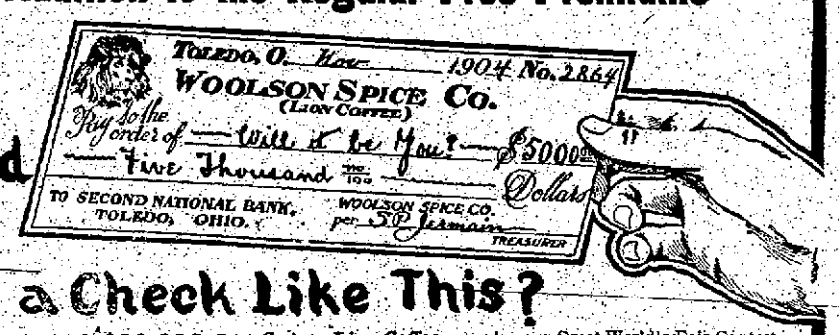
$50,000.00

CASH GIVEN AWAY to Users of

LION COFFEE

In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

How Would You Like a Check Like This?


Toledo, O. Mar. 1904 No. 2864
WOOLSON SPICE CO.
(Lion Coffee)
Pay to the order of —Will it be You?— $5000
Five Thousand 00/100 Dollars
TO SECOND NATIONAL BANK, TOLEDO, OHIO.
WOOLSON SPICE CO.
per S.P. Jermain
TREASURER

We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 8, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—	$500.00 each	1,000.00
5	Prizes—	200.00 "	1,000.00
10	Prizes—	100.00 "	1,000.00
20	Prizes—	50.00 "	1,000.00
50	Prizes—	20.00 "	1,000.00
250	Prizes—	10.00 "	2,500.00
1800	Prizes—	5.00 "	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES,		TOTAL, $20,000.00

We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use *LION COFFEE* long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Hoods* we give BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

LION COFFEE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEP'T.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete.

Goods are the Best; therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Are Your Lungs Weak?

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery CURES Weak Lungs.

$3,000 FORFEIT

Will be paid by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial below, and also of the writers of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness.

"When I commenced taking your medicines, eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. Cora L. Sunderland, of Chaneyville, Calvert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk across the room without pains in my chest. *The doctor who attended me said I had lung trouble, and that I would never be well again.* At last I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I bought a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' took it, and soon commenced to feel a little better, then you directed me to take both the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription,' which I did. Altogether I have taken eighteen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' twelve of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and five vials of 'Pellets.' I am now almost entirely well, and do all my work without any pain whatever, and can run with more ease than I could formerly *walk*."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse and regulate the bowels.

THE BIG STORE

Has a new and up-to-date line of

GAS HEATERS

of all the leading makes and the prices are right, too.

Also a full line of General Hardware, Stoves and Ranges, Guns and Ammunition, Fruit Jars, Glasses, Butter Crocks, etc.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 20, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—A small addition is being built on the residences of John Forrest, Main street.

—Thursday afternoon, October 13, 1904, at Olean, Justice of the Peace Frank J. Shaffer married at his office, Allen Brower of Smethport, Pa., and Ella Ward of Roulette, Pa.

—T. E. Moulton of Kushequa, general manager of the Kushequa route, has resigned his position and accepted a more lucrative one as manager of the railroad of the Cherry River Boom & Lumber Co, at Richwood, W. Va.

—Beginning October 15 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell Winter excursion tickets to the resorts of Florida, the Carolinas, and other States in the South and Southwest, at greatly reduced rates. For specific rates, limits and other conditions of tickets, consult any ticket agent.

—The 27th Annual Reunion of the Seventh Penna. Veteran Volunteer Cavalry will be held at Milton, Pa., October 25th and 26th, 1904. Major General James H. Wilson, Commander of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, and Gen. Joseph Wheeler, who commanded the Confederate Cavalry, have both promised to be at this reunion.

—Yesterday morning while the men were at work on the new abutments at the Red House bridge, a guy rope broke and a derrick fell, striking Jesse Wescott and Leslie Stewart on the head. Mr. Wescott was knocked senseless and a large gash was cut in his head. A gash about two inches long was cut in Leslie Stewart's head. They were taken to Dr. McGranor's office and he dressed the wounds. No serious results are anticipated.—Port Allegany Argus.

—A play that has attracted a great deal of attention among theatre goers the past three seasons is "At the Old Cross Roads," which has been presented by Arthur C. Aiston's strong company, its engagement at the Grand Opera House, New York City, was one of the most successful of any played on the entire season at that popular playhouse, the big theatre being packed nightly to its utmost capacity. It is not a play of the blood and thunder order, but instead one which tells a heart story of great interest, relieved by plenty of bright comedy. The play will be seen at the Museum on Friday, Oct. 21st.

A Spanish Prison.

"On the Spanish section of Morocco's coast line stands the penal settlement of Ceuta," writes a traveler. "It has a large number of soldiers, a huge convict prison and legions of small boys, who mobbed me when I was last there because they did not approve of my English hat and limited Spanish vocabulary. Now, the governors of Ceuta draw rations for every convict in their charge, so, from their point of view, it is no bad thing for a convict to escape. So long as he is on the books he is entitled to rations even though he has shaken from off his feet the dust of the great gray prison on the hillside. Consequently a good bit of this dust shaking goes on, and countless Spanish convicts escape to Tetuan and Tangier, sometimes in Moorish garb. They are safe from pursuit when the sentries are passed."

The Age of Gold.

In Europe, where gold plays a more important part as a circulating medium in the currency than in the United States, gold coins are allowed to suffer but little loss of weight before they are called in from circulation. In Great Britain this amount is .025 per cent and in France .090 per cent, amounts that can only be detected by the balance. In Great Britain it has been computed by officials of the mint that in ordinary use the average length of time before a sovereign becomes "light" is twenty-seven years, while in the case of a half sovereign the time is sixteen years. The smaller coin not only circulates more, but suffers more from abrasion, as in proportion to its diameter it is thinner and has a larger surface to be rubbed.—Harper's Weekly.

Economy in Use of Arabic Numerals.

It takes three and one-third as long to write the Roman numerals from one to a hundred as the Arabic, and the chance of error is twenty-one times as great. It takes three times as long to read the Roman numerals from one to a hundred as the Arabic, and the chance of error is eight times as great.—Science.

Puffed Up.

"They thought he was dead, and all the papers printed obituary notices."

"And then?"

"Why, then he turned up, and since he's read those notices he's too proud to speak to any one."

Sarcastic.

He—I never speak unless I have something worth saying. She—Aren't you afraid of losing your command of language?—Detroit Free Press.

Bray & Bluster may attract attention, but Quiet & Quick accumulate the persimmons.—Commoner.

Advising a Doctor.

Dr. Bleak—maybe I'd better call him Dr. Protoid, since to advertise his real name might be to do violence to the ethics of the medical profession—will, then, Dr. Protoid is himself a sufferer from rheumatism, which for a long time has resisted all his skill. The other day a big Irishman came hobbling up his steps and was admitted by an attendant, who ushered him into the office and called the doctor from another part of the house. Presently the doctor came limping in just as the caller had done.

"Well, my man," said he, "what is the matter with you?"

"Begorra, sor," the Irishman answered, "I'd first like to know phwat's the matter wid you."

"I have rheumatism," the physician admitted.

"Well, then," said the visitor, rising from his chair with many a grunt and groan and laboring painfully toward the door, "they's two av us that ought to go to some docther who has sinse enough to cure the both av us."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Animal Swimmers.

The elephant is a good swimmer, and the wild animals of the cat family, the tiger, the panther, the jaguar and others, do not hesitate to cross lakes and rivers. On the other hand, the domestic cat shrinks from immersion and drowns quickly. The nostrils of some small animals are so placed as to render breathing very difficult when they are in the water. Among these are mice and rabbits, which will drown without sinking beneath the surface. Rats are excellent swimmers.

Almost all birds except those which are distinctly amatorial are nearly helpless in water. Small birds in particular have no power of propulsion, and, though they do not sink, they drown quickly. Even many species of waterfowl rise from the water with difficulty or not at all when their wings are wet. After a sea gull plunges and returns to the surface it stretches its wings so that they may be dried by the wind and sun before it attempts to fly.—Success.

The Patient Brain.

The brain is one of the most patient and industrious organs of the body. It can be induced by good treatment to perform prodigies of labor. Few realize its capabilities and endurance. But it is sensitive. It will not long brook abuse. It briskly responds to the whip at first, but if the lash is laid on too hard and often it balks. It insists upon having plenty of good, red blood when it works hard, and good, red blood is made from wheat and roast beef, not from pie a la mode, lobster salad and cocaine or whisky. The most essential thing for the man who works with his brain is plenty of sleep. Only in sleep does the brain find the rest and refreshment that are necessary to maintain its vigor and integrity.—Chicago Tribune.

Monkeys and Water.

Monkeys never wash or bathe, though they have, as a rule, every chance to do so. Possibly experience has taught them to be afraid of crocodiles, which are pretty generally distributed on monkey haunted rivers. It is said that a minister of Indian monkeys watched a party of Europeans in a boat who washed their hands and brushed their teeth. Next day the monkeys were seen to come to the riverside and go through the form of washing their hands and of brushing their teeth with bits of stick.—Nature.

Plenty of Legs.

Mrs. Barron was one of the new "summer folk" and not acquainted with the vernacular. Consequently, she was somewhat surprised, upon sending an order for a roast of lamb to the nearest butcher, to receive the following note in reply: "Dear Mam—I am sorry I have not killed myself this week, but I can get you a leg off my brother (the butcher at the farther end of the town). He's full up of what you want. I seen him last night with five legs. Yours respectful, George Gunton."—Youth's Companion.

A Plant That Quells Hunger.

In Peru is found a singular plant, capable of quelling hunger or thirst for several days. It is named Erythoxylon coca. A decoction of 100 grains of this plant produces this effect for forty-eight hours, the muscular energy being preserved. The plant appears to narcotize the nerves of the stomach and suspend the digestive functions without affording nutriment.

Marriage.

We have been asked if marriage is a failure. We have not found it so. We don't know what our better half thinks of it. Our opinion is that only when a man marries a sealskin woman on a coonskin income does he find marriage a failure.—Hardemann Free Press.

Why He Kicked.

Mrs. Newlywed—How dare you object to my bills? Papa pays them all. Mr. Newlywed—Yes, hang it! But I haven't the nerve to ask him to pay any of mine while you are touching him up all the time.

Impossible.

"You should sleep on your right side, madam."

"I really can't do it, doctor. My husband talks in his sleep, and I can't hear a thing with my left ear."

All Made Up.

Fred—When I proposed she asked for a little time to make up her mind. Madge—Oh, so she makes that up, too?—Chips.

The wise merchant advertises in the dull season because then the people have time to read the papers all through.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Duff's College

Gives a Broad Wearing Education—Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Penmanship taught by Specialists—Catalogue Free. DUFF & SHEP, 6th St. & Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.

A Famous Whist Hand.

The most notorious hand of whist ever played is that known as "the Duke of Cumberland's hand." It has never been definitely settled how this hand came to be dealt, but such a peculiar combination naturally suggests suspicions of foul play. The duke playing in the room at Bath, held in his hands king, knave, nine, seven of trumps (clubs); ace, king of diamonds, ace, king, queen, knave of hearts, and ace, king, queen of spades, and yet was unable to secure a single trick and, moreover, lost a bet of £20,000 upon the hand. This incredible result was achieved as follows: The duke of course led with a trump and found his partner void in that suit. His left hand adversary, whom we may call Y., having ace, queen, ten, eight, and his right hand adversary, Z., the remaining five trumps and no diamonds, the consequence was that Z. trumped diamonds twice, and Y., sitting over the duke with better trumps, after taking the sixth trick had the lead with the seven remaining diamonds, and thus Y. and Z. made the thirteen tricks.

An English Ghost Story.

A remarkable ghost story is told in the parish of Burton Agnes, England. Three years ago lived three sisters of the name of Boynton. The youngest of the three exacted the promise from the others that on her death her head should be placed on a table in the hall. She met with an accident shortly after which resulted in her death. Her sisters neglected their promise to her, and she was buried, head and all. But on the night after the burial the hall was thrown into terrible confusion, and the dead lady appeared to her sisters with her head under her arm. She upbraided them with their neglected promise and, placing the head on the table, disappeared. In the morning the head was still there, and on the coffin being dug up the body was found to be headless. Any attempt to remove the head was followed by disturbances during the night. It was even buried at a distance from the house, but was restored by the ghost. Eventually the head disappeared, but the disturbances continue nightly in the hall.

Strong Minds and Bad Health.

Lots of success has been pulled off by invalids. Parkman, the historian, was a bankrupt in health before he began his life's work. Heine lived in a mattress grave for years. Was it not Pope who spoke of "that long disease, my life?" R. L. Stevenson pushed away death with one hand while he wrote and lighted cigarettes with the other. There are hundreds of like instances. Mr. Tilden always was a valetudinarian and never had any physical energy to spare. But he had mental energy. That is the main thing. A sound body makes for sanity of mind, but physical energy and mental energy don't always go together.—Harper's Weekly.

The Ancient Aztecs.

According to a medical writer, the ancient Aztec race of Mexico was far advanced in the practice of medicine. The native Mexicans practiced massage, splints were used in the dressing of fractured bones, inflamed gums were lanced with obsidian knives, aching teeth were extracted, salt was used as an antiseptic and ground obsidian as a dusting powder. Stiffness of the muscles and joints was treated by the sweat bath, wounds were sutured with human hair, the actual cautery was applied to the edges of the wounds and venom was drawn out of poisoned wounds by sucking, while bleeding was practiced in obstinate headaches.

The Scimiter of the Saracens.

The scimiter of the Saracens was the most effective sword for cutting purposes ever devised. It will be remembered how, according to the story told in Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," with such a weapon the pagan Saladin chopped a soft cushion in two at one blow, to the amazement of Richard Coeur de Lion. With a straight sword one can make a hack or thrust, but to slice an adversary one must saw with it. The scimiter, being curved and wide and heavy toward the end, slices by the mere fact of striking.

Time's Changes.

They were having a good gossip. "How girls change! My Mamie, when she was little, never would go even into the parlor at night without a light because, as she put it, there might be a man there. And now," she added significantly, "she won't have a light in it because there is a man there four or five nights a week."

No Choice in the Matter.

"And the charity is supported by voluntary contributions?"

"Why," said the clergyman, "I can't say that it is exactly. The fact is that some of the ladies on our committee are so persuasive and so persistent that people just have to contribute."—Brooklyn Life.

Foiled.

Tramp—It is needless to ask the question, madam. You know what I want. Lady—Yes, I know what you want badly, but I've only one bar of soap in the house, and the servant is using it. Come again some other time.—Glasgow Times.

His Varied Suits.

McFlub—He pressed his suit, donned it, called on his girl, pressed his suit, won and married her, and now he has applied for a divorce. Sleuth—And the lawyers are pressing his suit now, eh?—Pittsburg Post.

Certain Test.

He—But why do you think your new photographs are horrid? She—Because all my girl friends ask for one and none of my men friends do!

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

Odd Punishments.

In the reign of Queen Mary a man was pilloried in London for selling pots of strawberries, "the which the pot was half full, but filled with fern." Poor old Cheapside has doubtless seen many similar frauds. At the same period persons were often pilloried for selling bad fish, and the fish itself was hung around their necks. The public was thus allowed to avenge itself. A butcher who had vended diseased meat was made to ride around London, "his face toward the horse's tail, with half a lamb before and another behind and veal and calf bones before him on a pole, raw." His own meat, no doubt, and therefore not too savory. A similar punishment of riding round London in a cart was given to a certain person who had sold his wife to a butcher. Let us hope that this sale was purely matrimonial.

Freak Names.

A. G. Wright in his Directory Bulletin says:

"In the way of freak names a publisher chronicles the following:

"One of our canvassers ran across a man who gave his name as W. H. Angel. When asked what the W. H. stood for he declined to answer. Through another source, however, it was learned that the man's full name was Welcome Heavenly Angel. Small wonder that he felt a delicacy about disclosing it.

"Of the same nature were the names conferred by one of Milwaukee's eccentric pioneers, who named one of his boys Welcome U. and signified his approval of another by stamping him O. K."

Where Sisters Dress Alike.

In Yucatan, Central America, sisters dress precisely alike, even to the tying of a bow, the turn of a button or the flower in the hair. In the tropics large families are the rule, and any day you may see in the country girls in groups of from three to a baker's dozen, who belong to the same family, as their clothes will show. It is easy thus to distinguish the members of a family anywhere, and not infrequently the sisters are called by their favorite flower or color.

What a Baby Can Do.

Friend—I don't understand why you and your husband should have separated so soon.

Mrs. Aftermath—It was all owing to the baby's temper.

"Mercy on us! How could that be?"

"We couldn't agree as to which one of us the baby took after."—New York Weekly.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH, AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce. We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes.

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRI

JUST A WORI

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CAR

In a large assortment and can please all cust

SPECHT & SASSE, Smeth

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column, per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 20, 1904.

Republican Ticket.

For President,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
of New York.

For Vice President,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS,
of Indiana.

For Supreme Court Judge,
JOHN P. ELKIN.

For Representative in Congress,
S. R. DRESSER.

For State Senator,
MYRON MATSON.

For Assemblyman,
J. M. M'ELROY,
JOHN W. CAMPBELL.

For County Treasurer,
S. D. WEAVER.

For Coroner,
DR. B. H. HALL.

VOTE the Republican ticket.

THEY wouldn't hate red-haired Tom Watson as they do if his sarcasms didn't sting so. Out at Chicago he told the crowd that an anti-plutocracy campaign run by August Belmont & Co. made him think of an anti-gambling campaign run by Dick Canfield and Tom Taggart (of French Lick Springs), or an anti-drinking campaign run by the Whiskey Trust.

BESIDES the material results of the civil war, we are all, north and south, incalculably richer for its memories. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right and by those, who, no less valiantly, fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.—President Roosevelt.

THE most inveterate campaigner in Pennsylvania is Congressman Sibley of the adjoining district. He has an assured majority of at least five thousand; with no perceptible contest to call forth his remarkable energies, no dissatisfaction with him personally nor disaffection in the party, he is yet covering his district with a series of day and night meetings which reach every hamlet and crossroad. No voter of the district is so far removed from the political centre or business marts that he will not have an opportunity of meeting Mr. Sibley within speaking distance of his own home, says an exchange.

AT Norfolk, Neb., Mr. Bryan told his audience that the split in the fusion electoral ticket had insured Nebraska for Roosevelt. He added: "I won't tell you that I am delighted with the nominations at St. Louis, either. Parker is too much like Roosevelt. I fought Parker because he did not stand for things for which we have been fighting in Nebraska for the last eight years. And I have neither receded nor receded from my position." There is red-hot enthusiasm for you. * * Why doesn't Chairman Taggart invite him to New York to inject some ginger into the Empire State campaign?—Kansas City Star.

IN a recent number of the Mining Magazine, of New York, Mr. Carl Henrich concludes an article of extreme interest on the revival of mining in the famous Guanajuato district of Mexico. These mines have to their credit the largest output of silver of any mining district in the world. The Veta Madre has been worked since the days of Cortez, and the records show the stupendous production of over $1,000,000,000 in silver and gold bullion from these mines and parallel systems of veins. Nine-tenths of this amount were taken from the mines by man and animal power prior to the application of steam to mining.

SOME of the Democratic newspapers in the county are trying to make capital out of the fact that the Bradford Typographical Union has endorsed W. F. Potter, the Democratic candidate for county treasurer, and the Port Allegany Reporter goes so far as to state that Mr. Potter is a union man and has been endorsed by the unions of Bradford. In this statement the Reporter is wrong as it usually is. Mr. Potter, while he employs union printers, is no more a union man than is his opponent, Mr. Weaver. Both gentlemen have always been fair to unionism and a union man can conscientiously vote for either. Aside from the Typographical Union no Bradford unions have endorsed Mr. Potter or taken any action in the candidacy of either gentleman. Union men are too sensible to be fooled by such flimsy stuff as has been put forth in some of Democratic contemporaries and such as made by the Reporter will hurt instead of help Mr. Potter's cause when the facts become known.

In the Austin Republican, N. H. Knapp very truthfully says: It is now a recognized fact that the business of the country is done by corporations. Churches are chartered, railways are chartered, soap factories are chartered. Big buildings are put up and managed by corporations. In short, the evolution of business has made corporate action absolutely necessary. Some of those organizations are good, some are bad. Some attempt to monopolize certain lines of business and regulate the price necessary for commodities to the detriment of the general welfare, and should be controlled or restrained by law. The manner of applying legal remedies, however, is a difficult one. To strike a blow at corporations as such, is to strike a blow at all business, legitimate and otherwise. It would produce a panic that would cause untold loss and suffering. The problem is how to frame and enforce anti-trust legislation so that evil combinations shall be restrained and legitimate corporations not injured thereby. It is along this line that the Republicans have been working and all that has been accomplished in the way of legislation and execution of laws has been done by the Republican party, but the party refuses to bankrupt the nation in order to take vengeance on a few selfish interests which no doubt can and will be reached in some way.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 15, 1904.

Unmistakable indications of Republican success seem to have deprived the Democratic campaign of most of its energy. An effort is, of course, being made in some directions, but from the first there has never been a disposition to pull together for the election of Parker and Davis and disintegration is now going on rapidly within the Democratic machine. Apparently ignoring the possibilities of the telegraph and the news facilities of the press, the Democratic managers have arranged to have Bryan wrestle with the voters of Indiana and ex-President Cleveland address the conservative Democrats of New York State. But the wiser ones appreciate that little is to be gained for Parker from this form of campaigning. Each day the newspapers print in New York State statements made by Bryan which are obnoxious to the conservative Democrats, while Mr. Cleveland is almost certain to say some things in his speech for Parker that will antagonize the wild Democracy of Bryan.

Vice Presidential Candidate Davis is still traversing West Virginia making from seven to ten little rear platform talks a day but he wisely confines himself to local issues with the result that his opinions make uninteresting reading outside of his own State. David B. Hill, sponsor-in-chief to the presidential candidate of the Democracy has undertaken to tell the West Virginians some peculiar things about the tariff, but it is unlikely that they will accept Mr. Hill's assertions, especially as they are so easily disproved. For instance, Mr. Hill told an audience that a purely revenue tariff would prove ample to offset the difference between American and foreign wages. Hardly had he uttered the statement than the State Department received a report from Consul General Evans at London, showing that according to the British Board of Trade British workmen had suffered a loss of wages during the first half of this year, amounting to $68,450 a week and that, during the same period of last year, they had suffered a loss by reduction of wages of $2,620,000, nearly $500,000 a month. With such official figures before them the American workmen are too shrewd to accept Mr. Hill's visionary theories.

The chief stock in trade of the Eastern Democrats seems to be an attempt to create the belief that Chairman Cortelyou by reason of his having been at the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor, obtained "inside information" of the affairs of the trusts and is now soliciting campaign funds on the strength of that information. No one who knows President Roosevelt or Chairman Cortelyou will believe the story, however, and it seems to be falling very flat. The newspapers which have preferred the charge have been challenged to produce a single instance of a contribution, unwillingly made to the Republican campaign fund but so far have been unable to do so.

"Mr. President, I believe you will be elected and if you are it will be without a single pledge of any sort or description, express or implied, having been made to any individual, interest or corporation," said Chairman Cortelyou to President Roosevelt when he was last in Washington, and those who know the chairman can easily believe the statement. In fact, it was for that very reason that the President chose Mr. Cortelyou as chairman of the National Committee; because he did not wish to be elected and then find himself bound by pledges he could not conscientiously fulfill. Mr. Cortelyou's assurance was repeated to your correspondent by a man of unquestioned probity who was present when it was made.

There is evidently a good deal of anxiety in Democratic circles regarding Vice Presidential Candidate Davis' speeches. The old gentleman is noted for his bungling. When he made his speech of acceptance he departed from the address written for him and his remarks were ludicrous in the extreme. When he wrote his letter accepting the vice presidential nomination he undertook to show how extravagant was the Republican administration and cited, as an example of Democratic economy, the government expenditures for the fiscal year 1892. His letter was said to have been carefully edited, but it remained for the Republican press to discover that the fiscal year referred to was the third year of Harrison's term. Cleveland was elected in November 1892, five months after the fiscal year had closed, and was not inaugurated until March 4, 1893. Mr. Davis has also made some even graver blunders in his past career which would not look well in print.

The promises of economy made by both Parker and Davis excite only derision in those who have carefully analyzed the Democratic platform. That platform pledges the party to the continuous improvement of the Mississippi river, worked out on a definite plan and continued until a permanent improvement is effected. Now this is a gigantic undertaking. A commission was appointed by Congress a few years ago to examine into the feasibility of such an improvement. General Gillespie, former chief of engineers, was its chairman and a very careful examination and survey was made. It was finally reported to Congress that the improvement would cost about $150,000,000 and would require 10 per cent. of the initial cost for maintenance; more than the Panama canal; more than the cost of either the army or navy last year. In fact, the scheme proved so expensive that Congress abandoned the idea. Advocacy of such tremendous expenditure sounds strange when it comes from a party whose principal claims are that they will give the country a change in administration.

HOLD ON!

Never give up when in sight of a light house. It's pipe has sprung a leak, don't think you'll be drowned but tell us quickly and we will come at once to the rescue. We will be to you in the

Plumbing Line

what the Light House is to the sailor. Our work and materials are to our business what BUOYS are to a harbor. They safe guards and prevent danger. Our work buoys you up with hope and doesn't do much damage to your bank account.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. BRUNER BLOCK. Smethport.

THE HOUSE OF PICKERING'S

PICKERING'S FURNITURE AND CARPETS

Your Credit Is Good PICKERING'S 10th & Penn, Pittsburg

Please Mention this Paper.

It Will Cost Only 1½ Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1. per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

FALL STYLES.

Our elaborate line of Fall Goods are now on display and everything is up-to-date and stylish.

You will find a large and beautiful assortment of trimmed hats new ready-to-wears and all the latest novelties in millinery.

Also showing a new line of ladies and children's cloaks and the latest in furs.

Our styles have merit for all. Artistic styles; good quality and moderate prices.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St, BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

OCTOBER

is pretty well advanced. Our crop of FALL SUITS is the finest in our history. The richest plums drop first.

Get the New Fall Suit Now

There is a dash and style about our garments that appeals to every man who enjoys the appearance of success. And the appearance of success often leads it.

We believe we have the best $10 SUIT in town.

We believe we have the best $12 SUIT in town.

We believe we have the best $15 SUIT in town.

Come and see if you don't believe as we do.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

.....WE STILL GIVE PURPLE STAMPS.....

I have just received for your inspection my new line of

FALL DRESS GOODS

in the latest weaves and quality, prices to suit all. Call and look them over.

Plaids for children's school dresses at 15c the yard, good values.

I wish to call your attention to my new stock of

WALKING SKIRTS

made up of the latest cloths.

Many other new fall goods too numerous to mention are on my counters and shelves.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

October 4, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Have you used PALMER'S PERFUMES

If not do so. We carry a fine stock of these goods and feel sure they will please you. Also a full line of

Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles

In fact everything to make up a first class drug store.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some o our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

FALL OPENING SALE

One Week Only, OCT. 22d to 29th, inclusive.

MONEY SAVED IF YOU DO YOUR SHOPPING HERE.

Below we quote a few of the values we are offering during this sale. Watch for large bills.

39c pair A Batiste Lined Satin Girdle. White only. All sizes. Special for this sale..... 39c pr

49c yd. yard wide Black Taffeta Silk. Sale price..... 49c yd

250 yards Bleached Union Crash, 16 in. wide. Good 6c value. Sale price..... 3 1-2c yd

600 yards good Outing Flannels, light and dark colors. Special for this sale..... 4 1-2c yd

50 Smyrna Rugs, 31 by 62 inches. Secured especially for this sale. One to a customer..... 98c

Watch for Large Bills.

The Lindholm Company

The Hunting Season is On.

Let Redfield Supply Your Wants This Fall.

We have a very complete line of Single and Double Barrel Shot Guns; Winchester 10, 12 and 16 gauge shells (loaded with Black or Smokeless Powder), Leggins, Belts, Vests, Coats, etc.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 20, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mrs. Maude Green has accepted a position as clerk with The Lindholm Co.

—Fry & Comes have some table linen bargains in their advertisement in this issue.

—Meet your friends "At the Old Cross Roads," Smethport Lyceum to-morrow night.

—E. E. Smathers, the famous turfman, is going to sell his fast horses and quit racing circles.

—Burglars are still at work in Mt. Jewett. Two business places were broken into recently.

—The dance at the Lyceum last night although but fairly well patronized, was a pleasant social event.

—William O'Reilly of Smethport has been discharged from the Bradford hospital.—Bradford Star.

—The Bradford Gun Club defeated the Mt. Alton Gun Club in a clay pigeon shoot at the latter place one day last week.

—Dr. Robert Hamilton is confined to the bed with a severe attack of rheumatism. His many friends will hope for a speedy recovery.

—At Memphis, Tenn., on Tuesday E. E. Smathers won the gold cup, his Major Delmar beating Lou Dillon in two straight heats.

—Asa Haskell, an old and highly respected resident of Coudersport died at his home in that place on Monday of last week, aged 78 years.

—The MINER acknowledges the receipt of the song, "Roosevelt is Our Man." The words and music are by C. Eugene Harrington of Bradford.

—Cy Flynn of Buffalo got the decision over Joe Youngs of Albany in a fifteen round boxing bout before the Eagles' club at Bradford Monday night.

—That dispicable creature, the dog poisoner, is at work in St. Marys. One day last week sixteen dogs were thus killed and more have since been reported.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Heath entertained a large number of friends at cards Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at their home on Main street. At midnight an elegant luncheon was served.

—The Lindholm Company is advertising its annual fall opening sale this week. These sales have become very popular with the public, owing to the quality and style of goods offered at rare bargains.

—A social half hour is to follow the evening service next Sunday at the Methodist church, giving opportunity to become acquainted with strangers. The pastor will preach morning and evening.

—The Smethport and Eldred high school football teams will play their first games of the season at Eldred on Saturday afternoon. Both teams are in good condition and a good game may be expected.

—Nelson C. Hall, colored, was killed, and Joe Walcott, the colored pugilist, was shot through the right hand by the accidental discharge of a revolver in the hands of Walcott at Boston early Tuesday morning.

—Tuesday was "Helen Keller day" at the St. Louis fair. This noted blind girl bears the distinction of being the only living person in whose honor a special day has been set apart for at the World's Fair.

—Dave Dennison in his random notes in the Bradford Era makes Mose Cohn say that the letter "r" is the greatest letter in the alphabet to-day, because it is the beginning of Roosevelt and the end of Parker.

—The fire whistle called out the fire department this morning, but it proved to be a false alarm. Smoke issuing from the residence of Mrs. Mary Backus occasioned by the heating of a pail of tar led some one to believe the house was ablaze.

—In the football game between the Jeffords of Jamestown and the Bradford Athletic Club at Bradford last Sunday neither team was able to score. Maston Park team defeated the Bradford High school at Buffalo last Saturday by a score of 29 to 0.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects of the sermon will be "Elijah's Prayer for Death" and "Gehazi's Complicated Sin." Service and Sunday school at All Saints' chapel at 2:30 p. m.

—The Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's parish will give a series of chafing dish lunches at the parish house on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, Nov. 8, 9 and 10, from 3:30 to 5:30, admission 10 cents. This will be the week of the county teachers' institute.

—While in Bradford last week the writer paid a visit of inspection to the Bradford National Bank and it certainly is one of the finest banking buildings in the state. The banking rooms are finished in marble and bronze and the vaults are of the most modern design.

—George Gerritt presented the MINER force with a luscious bunch of grapes this week, which we believe deserve special mention. The bunch weighed nearly two pounds and each grape was perfectly formed. They were of the black Hamburg variety and were grown in his grapery on King street.

—An attempt was made last Saturday morning to blow up with dynamite the Glassport Hotel at Glassport, Pa., which harbored 40 non-union men employed at the Pittsburg Steel Foundry works. The building was partially wrecked and the sleeping inmates were thrown from their beds and escaped scantily clad. No one was seriously injured.

—At the Presbyterian church, Port Allegany, on Wednesday afternoon of last week, Miss Maude Arney of that place and Mr. Anthony Farnsworth of Braddock, Pa., were united in marriage in the presence of a large circle of friends, by the bride's father, Rev. W. J. Arney. A large circle of friends wish them happiness in their wedded life.

—Mr. John Covely of this place and Miss Katherine Mulvaney of Sartwell were united in marriage by Rev. Father Donahue at the Catholic church in Sartwell last Tuesday morning. Both bride and groom are well known in this section and have many friends who will wish them a long and happy wedded life. Mr. and Mrs. Covely will reside in Smethport.

—Morris Burtch, a German, aged about 70 years, died at the county home on Monday, the cause of his death being paralysis. He was an inmate of the county home only a short time, being taken there after suffering the stroke. The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church on Tuesday and his remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

—Since last Saturday hunters have been very active. They report good, bad and indifferent luck—the good luck being that as yet no one has shot a fellow nimrod. One of our prominent professional men and a crack shot is of the opinion that partridges are wearing coats of mail this season. He took one or more shots at one sitting on a limb without the slighest injury to the bird.

—An article is going the rounds of the country press about a new game that has cropped out. It is called "Tickle the Editor" and is as follows: Take a sheet of ordinary writing paper, fold it nicely, enclose a bank note sufficiently large enough to pay all arrears and one year in advance and hand it to the editor, keep an eye on him and if a smile adorns his face the trick works fine. Now is the time to play the joke. It beats "flinch" and "pit" all hollow.

—The snappers of both factories here are still out and from present indications they may be out for some time. We have been informed that the managers of the factories will not meet the snappers' committee any more until they are ready to make certain concessions and that the snappers claim they will not make these concessions. Some snappers outside of the association are working now and the management expects to fill all the places in a short time.

—The City of Bradford has commenced proceedings in trespass against Mrs. Mary Whalen to recover the money paid on the Mary Olin judgment, which was obtained in the McKean county courts in a suit brought by Mrs. Olin to recover damages for injuries received from falling on a defective sidewalk abutting the property of Mrs. Whalen on Bennett street, that city. This is said to be the first case of the kind ever brought in McKean county and will be watched with interest.

—Early in September Dominic Ferro applied to James A. Conroy for work and was asked to call next day. In the meantime Conroy learned that Ferro had a bad reputation and refused him employment, whereupon Ferro demanded a day's pay and when his request refused he threatened Conroy's life. Conroy paid him and had a warrant issued and Ferro again threatened his life unless the warrant was withdrawn. At the October term of court in Ridgway Ferro was convicted of the offense and was sentenced to two years in the Western penitentiary.

—There never has been staged a play dealing with the story of the sea that has the beauty, the pathos and the power of reaching the heart as that possessed by "Down by the Sea," the attraction that will be given at the Lyceum Tuesday evening, Oct. 25th. When considering the names in that powerful aggregation of talent presenting this play, the theatre going public will be convinced that the production is of very superior merit. The characters are so important and unique in idea that anyone but the most experienced actors would ruin them. In engaging the company Manager Hunt was careful to select actors especially adapted to the requirements of the characters, and the remarkable success this attraction has achieved is due to the liberal and elaborate manner in which the play has been staged.

Wanted

Men and women in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 39-45-6t

Graphophones and records—for sale. New selected stock direct from factory of Columbia disc and X. P. cylinder records at right prices. Call if you can conveniently and make your selection. Send your address for the list of latest records out.

C. M. BENSON, Colegrove, Pa.

Just in, our new stock of carpet sweepers, style finish and price are right. You should have one.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

Sheriff Chas. E. Mays had business in Kane last Friday.

Mrs. H. R. Henderson is visiting relatives in Angelica, N. Y.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin visited relatives in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth were visitors in Bradford this week.

Miss Beryl Brown of New Castle is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Todd.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned Tuesday from a brief visit in Buffalo.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer returned Saturday from a visit to Buffalo and Port Allegany.

Miss Lucy Mitchell was the guest of Brodford friends the latter part of last week.

Fred Masser of Cuba, N. Y., spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Mary Masser.

J. L. Morrison and "Bill" Andrews had business in Bradford last Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Hamrichouse of Bellaire, Ohio, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. A. Moorehouse.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells left yesterday for Buffalo and Rochester on a holiday goods purchasing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Malcolm have returned from Buffalo, where they have resided during the summer.

Miss Walton, who has been the guest of Smethport relatives for some time, has returned to her home in Sioux City, Iowa.

Chas. H. Curtis, who has been spending his vacation here with relatives and friends, returned to Marion, Ind., last week.

Dr. E. S. McIlvane, F. F. Pierce and James McGregor of Monongahela City were the guests of Dr. E. R. Baker this week.

Leon Wolters of Manistee, Mich., made his mother, Mrs. Alice McClure, a brief visit from Sunday until Monday morning.

Miss Ruth Forrest and Miss Jannette Hamlin are visiting relatives in Parkersburg, W. Va. Mrs. John Forrest accompanied them as far as Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lucas, who for a number of years resided on a farm about four miles above Smethport, left Monday for Maryland, where they expect to reside in the future. Success in their new home is the wish of their many friends.

Fancy colored and plain market baskets of all kinds. Holmes & Gilfillan.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Tuesday, October 25.

Third Annual Tour of the Romantic Comedy Drama,

DOWN BY THE SEA

Management of PHIL HUNT.

One of the Most Powerful Companies on Tour in High-Grade Comedy-Drama

EVERY STAGE-SETTING CARRIED COMPLETE

4 Big Specialty Features 4

MAGNIFICENT SCENIC EFFECTS
STARTLING MECHANICAL EFFECTS
NEW AND POPULAR SINGING
DANCING SPECIALTIES

Reserved seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St., - - Smethport

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

MILL ENDS TABLE LINEN Three Grades

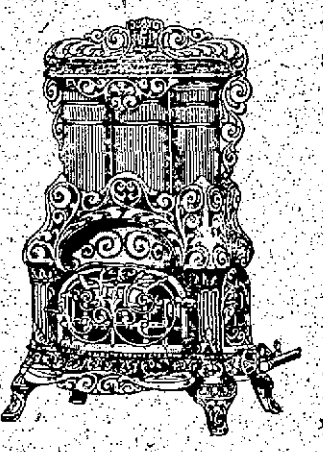
These are short lengths of dependable Linens, 2, 2½ and 3 yards each.
This is an opportunity to replenish your linen chest at a considerable saving.

50c quality @ 44c yd.
75c quality @ 65c yd.
$1.00 quality @ 83c yd.

LADIES' NECKWEAR.

An entirely new assortment of the most recent novelties, including a lot of imported German laundried collars, 25c to $1.25 each.

FRY & COMES.



To Avoid Trouble Stick to the Old Reliable

"GARNET JEWEL"

Handsome in Appearance
Durable in Construction
Economical in Fuel
Powerful & Odorless Heater.

We claim that the Garnet Jewel gives off more heat for the amount of gas consumed than any other heater made.

"Seeing is Believing."

If you will let us show you and explain the merits of this heater we will convince you that it is all we claim for it. The greatest selection of all kinds of Heating Stoves in the county.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

The Smart Set

A Magazine of Cleverness.

Magazines should have a well-defined purpose.

Genuine entertainment, amusement and mental recreation are the motives of THE SMART SET, the

MOST SUCCESSFUL OF MAGAZINES.

Its **novels** (a complete one in each number) are by the most brilliant authors of both hemispheres.

Its **short stories** are matchless—clean and full of human interest.

Its **poetry** covering the entire field of verse—pathos, love, humor—is by the most popular poets, men and women, of the day.

Its **jokes, witticisms, sketches**, etc., are admittedly mirth-provoking.

160 PAGES OF DELIGHTFUL READING

No pages are **wasted** on cheap illustrations, editorial vaporings, essays and idle discussions.

Every page will **interest, charm** and **refresh** you.

Subscribe now—**$2.50** per year. Remit in cheque, P.O. or registered letter to THE SMART SET, 452 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

N. B.—SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

Brasted's

with Crushed Fruit

$1.2

CUPID Versus SNIPE

By ELSIE CARMICHAEL

Copyright, 1904, by L. C. Howe

Beth played with the tea things absently. Jim stood in front of the fire, looking down at the small, dainty creature, watching the ruddy firelight touch her golden brown hair, her blue gown, the silver on the tea table and the delicate china. His heart was very heavy as he watched the pretty picture, for he and Beth had been having their first quarrel. Suddenly she raised her head and looked up at him almost defiantly.

"You see how it is, Jim," she said, with flushed cheeks. "We have not the same tastes. You adore Kipling, and I don't like him, and you think Maeterlinck is morbid, while I think he is perfectly beautiful. Besides that, you won't like my beloved little Snipe, and I can't forgive that."

"I'll try to like him," said Jim. "But really, you know, when he growls and snaps and tries to bite me every time I come to the house I can't be blamed for not loving him. I don't like fox terriers anyway. They are treacherous beasts. You know I've offered you Boston instead."

"I hate bull terriers!" she cried, pulling a flower to pieces. "You know it. It all just goes to prove that we have made a mistake. Thank the fates, it's not too late to break it!"

"Do you mean you would break our engagement because we don't like the same dogs and the same books, Beth?" he asked slowly, looking at her steadily. "What nonsense!"

"BETH, WHAT'S THE USE OF TELLING THEM THAT?" CRIED JIM.

He set his cup and saucer on the table and sat down in the low chair and looked into the fire with troubled eyes.

"Yes, I mean it," said the girl, with the air of a tragedy queen. "I shall never marry, but better be always lonely than to be married to an uncongenial man."

The tears sprang to her eyes, but she brushed them away hastily. Jim certainly was a splendid looking fellow with the firelight shining on his clear cut profile. For a second she felt proud of him, and then she remembered that he was no longer hers to be proud of, and she bit her lip. Still she must be firm.

There was a long silence. The twilight fell, and the firelight played more brightly on the beautiful old furniture, the portraits and the rich hangings, which all served as a background for the two sitting by the tea table.

"I think it would be better not to tell people that we have broken our engagement just yet," Beth said at last, abruptly arranging and rearranging the flowers in the center of the table. "I am going south, you know, next month, and I think it would be easier for me to be away when people are discussing it. Perhaps business will call you away about the same time. In the meantime, of course, we cannot go to the same parties and things. People never do when they break engagements." She shook her head wisely. "Of course I don't want to miss everything this first year I am out. One isn't a debutante but once, you know. We shall have to take turns."

"You may go to all the things, and I will stay at home," proposed Jim gloomily. "I shall not feel so much in the mood for gayety as you seem to."

The tears came into Beth's eyes. "You know I am only doing it for a bluff," she said. "One must hide one's broken heart from the world as best one can." She choked back a sob.

Jim leaned over and put his hand on her, passionately sorry that this had to be, but she drew her hand away.

"You forget," she cried, "we are not engaged any more!" She drew off her ring and handed it to him.

"You must go to some things, Jim," she went on after a moment, "or it will be noticeable. You have been out so much this winter that if you stop suddenly people will think something is the matter."

"Can't I come to see you at all?" asked Jim sadly. "Or is this to be goodby forever?"

Beth looked a little frightened. "I hadn't thought of that," she said in a low tone. "No, I suppose you ought not. It wouldn't be proper."

"How are we going to know, then, what parties to go to and what to avoid?" asked Jim triumphantly. "We shall have to talk that over frequently."

Beth looked puzzled. "I will write to you," she said after a moment's thought. "I think we had better not meet at all. It will do no good."

"What are you going to do about Mrs. Demorest's dinner tomorrow?" asked Jim. "We have both accepted, and she will never forgive us if either of us refuse at this late day."

"We shall both have to go to that," said Beth. "I will tell Mrs. Demorest to send you out with Maude Townsend instead of me because I want you to know her better." She already felt a twinge of jealousy at the thought of Jim sitting through a long dinner next to the charming Maude. "Don't speak to me if you can help it, Jim. You may go to the Turnbulls' reception late, and I'll go early. As for the Martins' dance, I shall not go at all. I don't care about them anyway."

"How about the Jenkins' theatricals?" asked Jim. "We are both to be in them, you know."

"Oh, I forgot about them," moaned Beth. "She will never forgive us if either of us back out. What shall we do?"

At that moment the light flared up, and the butler announced other callers, and Jim rose to go.

"What about the Jenkins?" he asked in a low tone as he said goodby.

"I'll tell you tomorrow night at the dinner," Beth murmured hastily.

Then began an elaborate system of avoiding each other. Jim had to drop in frequently at 5 o'clock to see whether Beth was going to this dinner or that dance in order that he might know whether to accept or decline, and many notes flew back and forth between Washington square and Fifth avenue. Jim began to think that he did not care as much for going out as he had before, and Beth grew tired of dancing.

"It's all a hollow mockery," she wrote Jim one day. "Perhaps it's because I am growing old that I do not care so much for going out. I shall be twenty-one next month. After all, one should care for something beside frivolity. I think I shall go and stay at the college settlement in Rivington street after I come back from the south."

Jim promptly appeared at 5 o'clock for a cup of tea. "Don't go to Rivington street," he implored. "You will catch smallpox or something equally terrible. You are too young and inexperienced for that, Beth. Don't you do it, I beg of you."

He looked so distressed that Beth felt a little thrill of happiness and looked away to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes. It was very sweet to have him so concerned and interested in what she did.

"Well, it's no fun going out," she explained, "and I am so tired of all this scheming and planning. Mother has had to give up going south, so I must go somewhere to escape the gossip when we tell people our engagement is broken."

"Beth, what's the use of telling them that?" cried Jim, laying his hand on hers. "Dear Beth, it's all such a farce. It would be much easier just to go to things together and not bother. I can't get on without you. I love you a thousand times more every day, and I'm not going to give you up."

Beth gave a happy little sigh and nestled up to him. "I'll learn to like Kipling," she said, "and I do think Maeterlinck is morbid, and—and I'll give Snipe away."

"Dear little girl!" whispered Jim, holding her close. "No, keep Snipe, like Maeterlinck, hate Kipling—anything you like—only love me!"

Blenheim and Marlborough.

The original Blenheim is a small village in Bavaria on the left bank of the Danube, near the town of Hochstett. The battle was fought between the English and their allies, commanded by the celebrated John, first duke of Marlborough, and the French and Bavarians under Marshal Tallard and the elector of Bavaria. The result of the fighting was the utter defeat of the latter with the loss of about 12,000 killed and 18,000 prisoners, including Tallard. Bavaria became the prize of the conquerors. In recognition of his brilliant services the British parliament gave Marlborough the honor of Woodstock and the "hundred" of Wootton and built for him the splendid palace at Woodstock which is named after the great victory he had just achieved. Formerly it contained an almost unique collection of paintings and art treasures. A fire, however, in 1861 destroyed the "Titian gallery" and the pictures, which were a present from Victor Amadeus, king of Sardinia, to the first duke. Other pictures, the library and valuables of different kinds were sold years ago.

Eighteenth Century Fashions.

Concerning the fashions of the eighteenth century the Marquise de Crequy, in her memoirs, wrote: "I saw some outrageous fashions in the time of the regency. As an antidote to the vapors I have seen on the forehead plasters made of an anodyne ointment, encircled with diamonds or points of steel cut in facets or garnets, according to taste, but always made to look as if they were nailed to the flesh; I have seen gold powder used on blonds, which made the dark women look dreadful; I have seen the shoe heels of such exaggerated height that the wearers could only walk on their toes, and, finally, I have seen furniture designed with backs and legs so twisted and contorted that they looked like sick people writhing in pain. The absurd fashion of the floating powdered hair, not forgetting the pomade used to fix it, rendered it necessary to shorten the backs of the armchairs, and it was then that they invented those horrid little seats with circular backs, cut away, which you see in most drawing rooms today."

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

Some of the Odd Things One Might Find on Such a Voyage.

How would you like to take a trip to the moon? It would be a long journey, taking more than six months if you went with the speed of an express train; or if you traveled with the swiftness of a ball from a modern cannon, it would take about as long as a trip across the Atlantic in a fast steamer. Under average atmospheric conditions a large telescope gives us a view of the moon as it would be without the telescope at a distance of 800 miles from us.

The necessary outfit for the journey must be much more extensive than for any trip on the earth, even the trip to the north pole. There will be no chance "to live off the country." In addition to warm clothing and food you must carry with you all you need to drink, and the problem of keeping it from freezing or thawing it out if frozen will not be an easy one to solve. There is practically no air on the moon, and you must take along a supply for breathing. If you expect to make a fire and cook your dinner you must take in addition to fuel, an additional supply of air to keep your fire going.

But suppose that in some way you are landed on the moon with a supply of things necessary for sustaining life. If you are on a part of the moon on which the sun is shining you will marvel, perhaps, first of all, at the dazzling brilliance of the sunlight and the intense blackness of the shadows. Everything in the shade will be in almost total darkness, as there is no air filled with little dust particles to scatter the sunlight so that it may illuminate the places out of the direct path of its rays.

And what a sense of desolation will present itself to your view! The desert of Sahara would look like a luxuriant park in comparison with the lunar landscape—not a blade of grass, not a tree or brook or lake, nothing but a vast stony, silent desert. There are plains, not quite as level as our western prairies, and great numbers of mountains, most of them much steeper than those on the earth; they are not grouped in long ranges, as our terrestrial mountains generally are, but are scattered all over the surface, singly and in irregular groups. Most of them are shaped more or less like our terrestrial volcanoes, and they probably were volcanoes ages ago, before the moon cooled off.

If you happen to land on a part of the moon where it is early morning you will have plenty of time for explorations before night comes on. The sun rises and sets as it does on the earth, but the time between sunrise and sunset is nearly fifteen of our days. Then during the long lunar night our earth will act like the moon, and will light up that part of the moon's surface which is turned toward it, only there will be this curious difference—it will not rise and set, but will remain nearly stationary in the same region of the sky. From the side of the moon which is always turned away from us the earth, of course, can never be seen at all.—St. Nicholas.

Antiquity of Man.

The antiquity of man has long been a favorite subject of speculation. Of late years the tendency has been to drive the origin of the race farther and farther back. Herr Schwalbe, a German naturalist, who published an essay on the subject, regards the existence of mankind in pre-glacial times as fully established, and he is even inclined to place man in the tertiary period. This would be "homo primigenius," a rather near relative of "Pithecanthropus erectus" and some of the more anthropoid of living apes. But there are missing links. In this country the principal question has been whether man was pre-glacial, and of his being so no trustworthy evidence has been found. As the period of glaciation, when nearly the whole land was under an ice cap, endured many times as long as all known human history, it becomes a crucial part of the problem whether man was here before the glaciers or after. If before, then his story stretches far back indeed. A very small portion of the earth and that, so far as ancient man is concerned, not the most promising, has yet been explored geologically.—London Telegraph.

Sufficiency.

A lady philanthropist once crossed the Russian frontiers to visit Tolstoi, and, ushered into the presence of the great man, she uttered the usual conventional greetings and explanations, while the sage eyed her abstractedly and silently "as if" she said—"as if he were quietly turning back the top of my head and looking at the thoughts inside." When she ceased speaking, he touched her large and fashionable sleeve and said sweetly: "Why do you wrap so much cloth on your arms? If you ripped it off it would make a good frock for a little girl."

The great difficulty is to draw the line at sufficiency. Man thrown loose upon the caprices of nature is not man at his best. Man spending half his waking hours upon the care of his body is not man at his best. Wherever protection and necessary care are converted into luxury and superfluity he is weakened. The time must come when beautiful dressing will be that which is most useful, most appropriate, most unhampering.—Harper's Weekly.

Conscience Stricken.

A London juryman fainted the other day while the judge was charging the body. The judge was saying, "You must give the statements of the witnesses for the defense full weight." At the words "full weight" the juryman fainted. Later it was found that he was a coal dealer.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

SIZE OF AN ATOM.

An Illustration That Gives Some Idea of Its Littleness.

How large is an atom? "Perhaps the simplest though not the most exact way of arriving at a rough estimate of the size of atoms is by measuring the thickness of a soap bubble film where it is as thin as possible just before it bursts," says a writer. "Such a film if composed of atoms must be something like a pebble wall. Now, a pebble wall would not stand if it were not several pebbles thick, and if we had reason to suppose that it was about a dozen pebbles thick we could easily make an estimate of the size of a pebble by measuring the thickness of the wall. That is the case with the thinnest region of a soap film. It is found to have a very definite uniform thickness. It is the thinnest thing known, and by refined optical means its thickness can be accurately measured. It must contain not less than something like a dozen atoms in its thickness, and yet it is only about the twenty-millionth of an inch in thickness by direct measurement. So that the diameter of an atom comes out between one two-hundredth-millionth of an inch. In other words, from about 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 of atoms can lie edge to edge in a linear inch."

BLADES OF GRASS.

The Reason They Grow So Abundantly Throughout the World.

Grasses are widely diffused throughout the world in order to provide abundantly for the sustenance of a very large portion of the animal kingdom.

"Grasses," says Paley, "are nature's care. Cattle feed upon their leaves, birds upon their smaller seeds, men upon the larger, for our bread corn is a grass. They thrive under treatment by which other plants are destroyed. The more their leaves are consumed the more their roots increase, and the more they are trampled upon the thicker they grow. Many that seem dead and dry renew their verdure in the spring. On lofty mountains, where summer heats are not sufficient to ripen the seeds, grasses abound which are viviparous and consequently able to propagate themselves without seed."

It is interesting to note in this connection that animals at liberty in their pasture to range and choose attack the leaves and leave unharmed the stalks which support the reproductive flowers.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

The Jelly-like Amoeba Has Neither Limbs, Mouth Nor Stomach.

The amoeba, probably the simplest form of animal life, has neither limbs, mouth, nor stomach. Its whole anatomy consists of a simple cell of the jelly-like material called protoplasm. It moves with a flowing motion, just as a drop of glycerin might slide on a slightly inclined plate.

It feeds by flowing over and ingulfing and minute animal or vegetable organism that may be in its path. When it has digested its food it passes on and leaves the residue behind.

The amoeba can be found on the surface of the mud at the bottom of almost any stagnant pool and is hardly visible without a microscope. It reproduces its kind by simply dividing into two when it has reached a certain size. Occasionally two amoeba merge into one, which breaks up into many much smaller ones. In times of drought the amoeba incloses itself in a hard cyst and waits until its home is wet again.

A Purpose.

A purpose is always a companion. An earnest purpose is the closest of companions. To fulfil duties is more than to enjoy pleasures. It carries its own reward. There is no bitter loneliness for those affectionately devoted to blessing their fellow creatures. The keeper of the lighthouse when night settles around him and the tempest holds revelry and he looks out on the ghastly glare of the breakers and hears the shrieking of the storm fiend, finds good company in the thought that the friendly light he trims will warn endangered crews of their peril and perhaps save them from death. Gifted souls find solace and companionship in their works.

Mutual Lapse of Memory.

Mrs. B., who has passed the meridian of life and is ambling down its western slope, had occasion to consult her doctor. Before he diagnosed her illness he asked her age.

"Doctor," said the old lady, with some asperity, "I am just one year older than I was this time last year when you visited me professionally and asked the same question."

"How old were you then?" asked the doctor. "I have forgotten."

"So have I."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Deadlock.

"The only way to swim," said the man who assumes to give instruction about everything, "is to have confidence."

"Yes," answered the novice, "and the only way to have confidence is to be perfectly sure you can swim."—Washington Star.

Method In It.

Miss Gabbie—It's strange that a girl who used to wear her hair so neatly is so careless about it now. She has to keep brushing stray locks back with her hand. Miss Chellus—That's not strange. She's got an engagement ring.—Philadelphia Press.

Manage as we may, misery and suffering will always cleave to the borders of superfluity.—Jacobi.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant-Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secty of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Rayner, secretary; C. E. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—E. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. ANDORFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FURCHGOTT, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Miss. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 18, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 152, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north,

Train 158, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

9:30 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 p. m. New York 9:20 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:35 p. m.—Train 2, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:35 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:20 a. m., New York 7:15 a. m., Baltimore 5:20 a. m., Washington 6:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:55 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations

Weekdays.

MONTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
2:20	Ridgway	12:01
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:18
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:12	Insuante	11:02
3:20	Smith's Run	10:56
3:29	Woodvale	10:46
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 9, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 13th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily, except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marionville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R., East and West, and at Kane with P. & R. R. for Harrisburg Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 and 6:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:48 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:20 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:15 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:45 p. m.).

2:30 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:33 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:23 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

8:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 8:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean, 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

C OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 28, 1904.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.18
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	o
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'ld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Coudsp't	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond		o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton		o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman		o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wks		o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

TWO BUTTERFLIES

By LOWELL O. REESE

Copyright, 1905, by Lowell O. Reese

A saint would have been driven frantic by the girl. I threw up my hands, figuratively, groaned literally and with an explative not at all in harmony with the best ethics of polite society declared to my tortured soul that she had the sphinx beaten a mile.

The same not being an elegant thing to do, I excuse it only on the ground that I was worried to the point of irresponsibility. I swore by all the gods, from the little mud god of the Digger Indian to the war god Thor, never to have anything more to say to her. Fifteen minutes later I was back on the hotel veranda watching that tantalizing, inscrutable glint in her eye. For I was human, and she was very dear to me.

And the worst of it was she knew it. Once let a girl know you love her and you are lost.

"And you don't wish me to go out with Mr. Blakeslee?" she said with provoking mildness. "And why, please?"

"First," I broke out, "because you're going to marry me, and that in itself ought"—

"Indeed! And will you kindly tell me just when I promised to marry you, Mr. Jack Weston?"

She wasn't angry. I had not even that satisfaction. But I was both angry and in love.

"You—well, you know it's as good as settled," I began, but she interrupted me.

"As—good—as—settled," she murmured dreamily. "Watch me now," she said. She lifted her hand toward a brilliant butterfly which had alighted upon a rose at the edge of the porch. Her fingers opened. "Shoo!" she said breathlessly. "I reach my hand—my fingers nearly touch him. Have I got him, though? It seems all I have to do is to close my fingers so—ah!" The saucy creature eluded her just as her fingers brushed his striped wings. "I didn't get him!" she sighed. "And I was so sure of him."

She jumped up, gave me a tensing smile and ran down the steps. Presently I saw her with Blakeslee going toward the boat landing. A little later they were moving briskly up the river, and then I saw—

It made my heart stop. Blakeslee palpably was the rawest dub in a canoe, and a canoe with an unskillful

MISS MILLWOOD, STRANGELY QUIET, HUDDLED IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CANOE.

hand on the paddle is about as dangerous as a powder mill with a live coal knocking about in it.

I started involuntarily toward the boat landing where my own canoe lay. Then I turned on my heel and stamped back. Not to save a thousand lives—my own included—would I be seen following them. They and all the rest of the world would attribute it to jealousy, and—

And deep down in my poor, aching, bedeviled heart I knew it would be the truth.

I dug up my pipe and polluted the sweet summer air for rods around. I determined to be a pessimist and a cynic and spend the rest of my life sneering at everything I used to like. I jeered at the idea of human felicity and wished I'd never been born. I had what is technically known as the mollygrubs. And then—

Suddenly a great light broke over me, and I saw where I had been playing the fool instead of the wise general. I had been giving her all the advantage, and as I reviewed my case I grew utterly and thoroughly ashamed of myself. The spectacle of a great six foot grownup man toddling around, beseeching a small girl to love him! How could she, when I was so devoid of stamina as that?

And then I determined that, come what might, I would do so no more. It might break my heart, but I was determined. Then, too, my heart was all crushed to frazzles anyway, so a little more breaking would be a mere incident not worth considering.

A mutter of thunder in the west, and I glanced up in apprehension. A black cloud was rolling up through the pines, and already the wind was beginning to sway the tree tops. I rose and looked up the river. No canoe was in sight. Filled with alarm I climbed into my canoe, a tiny thing, and paddled furiously up the stream ahead of the rising wind.

Half a mile up the river, and no sign of the canoeists. The wind swept down and almost instantly the water was beaten into whitecaps, and the little shell bobbed like a cork, but I held it straight ahead and watched it with the instinct of one trained to the paddle. And then the rain came!

As I rounded a bend in the channel I saw them. They were huddled under a heavy pine near the water's edge. The waves were trying to drag the canoe away from the bank, and Blakeslee, the picture of woe, was struggling to get it ashore.

I ran my canoe close in and sprang upon the bank before they saw me. It was growing dark, what with the storm and the lateness of the hour. Miss Millwood turned and gave a glad cry.

"Oh, Jack," she said piteously, "I'm so glad! We've been unable to get home! Our canoe was beaten back by the storm, and it upset and we were thrown into the water, and it was a mercy it was near the shore, else we'd have drowned!"

"How did you escape?" I asked stiffly.

"We—we waded! And I'm chilling to death, Jack!" Her lips were blue with cold, and she shivered miserably. Poor Blakeslee was in no better plight.

I hastened to right the other canoe with Blakeslee's help. Then I put the huckless boatman aboard, paddled him across to the mainland and bade him sprint for the hotel and get a roaring fire ready. I then recrossed the river, lifted the terrified girl into the large canoe, tied the other behind and set out in the teeth of the storm. Doggedly and steadily, keeping as much as possible in the lee of the shore, we crept down the misery sheet of water. Miss Millwood, strangely quiet, huddled in the bottom of the canoe and said not a word. But I could hear her teeth chattering, and I felt love and pity struggling hard with my new resolution to be grimly firm and uncompromising.

My muscles were aching and my heart throbbing as though it would burst when at last we drew into the shelter of the boathouse. I fastened the canoes and lifted the wet figure ashore.

"Oh, Jack," she quivered, "I should have died if you hadn't"—

"I beg you won't mention it, Miss Millwood," I said with exaggerated politeness. It was a mean thing to say, I realized it at the time, but it was necessary. If I was to crush the fierce longing to take her in my arms.

I hurried her up to the hotel. From time to time she pushed back her wet hair and gazed at me with a pathetic wistfulness which I affected not to see. The storm had blown swiftly away, and the big white moon was sailing through the sky dotted with scudding cloud drift.

I resigned her to the care of the solicitous Mrs. Kerens, who was all sympathy and bustling motherliness. Blakeslee was there in an agony of contrition. I went away, changed my wet clothing and sat down within the half lighted library, gloomily watching the pine logs in the wide fireplace.

After about an hour a timid hand parted the curtains, and I knew without turning my head who it was. She came in slowly.

"Jack," she said tremulously.

I sprang to my feet and offered her a chair. She refused to notice it. She held out her hands. I in turn refused to notice them.

"Jack," she whispered, "are you angry?"

"Not at all, Miss Millwood!" I rejoined, still excessively polite and proper. "I am merely going to reform."

She knew.

For a moment she stood silent with her head bent down. I stood gazing over her head with eyes which dared not look for a moment at hers, else all were lost. Then I heard her sob.

"It was a bad day for butterflies," I muttered huskily.

She glanced up, and I saw her eyes filled with tears. "This butterfly is tired, Jack—dear Jack!" she whispered. "It doesn't want to fly!"

"Never—for always?"

"Never—for always!"

It was good—all that wretchedness and anxiety of long months, when she lay tight against my breast and I kissed the perverse red lips—meek now and sweetly submissive. Perverse no more, for the butterfly was caught!

A Once Famous City.

Caerleon of Roman times and of the days of King Arthur still exists. The famous city that was once the garrison of the Second Augustan legion, the capital of South Wales and the seat of an archbishopric is now a sleepy little town lying between the industrial towns of Pontypool and Newport, but is far enough away from both to have maintained the dignity and pathos of its isolation. Here are to be seen the ruins of a Roman amphitheater, a great oval bank of earth called Arthur's Round Table and an enormous mound once fortified by the Romans. The officers and men of the crack Roman regiment and their wives and families left many remains of their occupation—tombstones, fragments of household utensils, needles and fibulae, remains of villas and baths, lamps, glass and enamel ornaments, carvings, rings, seals and the like, to be gazed upon in the cases of the local museum. The whole place, with its combination of hill and winding river, with low lying houses nestling in abundant trees, forms a picture which many a painter has sought to portray on canvas.

Well Prepared For Dinner.

Hicks—So you went home with Stingiman for lunch today, eh? What did you get? Wicks—An appetite for dinner.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE FRONT SEAT.

Is It Worth a Conflict Between the Husband and Wife?

Without inviting discussion of this thorny question, I may say that my own opinion is—supposing anybody wants it—that a husband's rights are what he can get. My view of a wife's rights is the same. Whether it is wise for either party to get all that he or she can is a question of expediency to be decided according to circumstances and individual inclination. The governing principle of the situation is that when two people ride the same horse one must ride behind. If both desire to ride in front, either one must give way or they must fight it out. In the fight one or the other may be so knocked about as to have no heart left for the enjoyment of the front seat, or the weaker vessel, while resigning himself to the back seat, may yet make the front one so uncomfortable that the occupier's life is a misery to him.

The question, therefore, whenever a conflict of rights arises is whether the front seat is worth fighting about, and if so, how long and how hard. Some people prefer the back seat. Many who would take the front for choice would rather give it up than have a row about it. They don't always lose so much as you might think. Mr. Weller the elder, when his wife broke his pipe, stepped out and bought another, and a great many are of opinion that this, if not philosophy, was a very good substitute for it.—Henry Labouchere in London Truth.

THE TWO HEADED EAGLE.

Origin of the Custom of Its Use as a National Symbol.

Austria and Russia today use the two headed eagle as one of their symbols. The origin of the custom is clouded more or less in obscurity. Professor A. H. Sayce, the authority on eastern antiquities, traces the travels of the symbol from primitive Babylonia down to the present time. In describing an ancient block of sculptured stone found in the east Professor Sayce says: "The block bears upon the inner side the figure of a double headed eagle, with an animal believed to be a hare in either talon and a lion standing on its two heads." The same double headed device, representing the figure of a man or a god, is met with at Boghaz Keui and must be regarded as one of the peculiarities of Hittite symbolism and art. The symbol, whose prototype goes back to primitive Babylonia, was adopted in later days by the Turcoman princes, who had perhaps first seen it on the Hittite monuments of Cappadocia, and the crusaders brought it to Europe with them in the fourteenth century. There it became the emblem of the German emperors, who have passed it on to the modern kingdoms of Russia and Austria. It is not the only heirloom of Hittite art which has descended to us of today.

Moltke Was a Spy in France.

Was the late Marshal von Moltke ever employed as a spy in France? A writer in La Vie Contemporaine says he was. In 1868, says the writer in question, Count von Moltke entered France in disguise and inspected the frontier of the Rhine and the lines of Wissemburg. In particular he made a study of the defenses of Forbach and Spicheren. There is always, according to the same authority, a regular espionage department connected with the German army. It is a bureau with a general at the head of it. It comprises three sections, at the head of each of which is a colonel. Each colonel has under him a certain number of officers of the general staff and clerks. The officers in this service are selected with the greatest care from among the most capable and distinguished men in the service.

Neglected Education.

Oliver Herford was entertaining some men friends in his flat one evening when a servant from the apartment below his brought a message to the effect that the gentleman in 316 was unable, by reason of the alleged noise made by Mr. Herford's party, to enjoy that peace and quiet he thought was due him.

"He says he can't read," remarked the servant.

"Present my compliments to the gentleman," said Herford calmly, "and tell him that I could when I was three years old."—Harper's Weekly.

Some London Street Names.

In London there are some quaint street names. In Bermondsey a road running by the side of the river is called Pickle Herring street. In Chelsea there is a World's End passage near Gray's Inn a Cow Bath square and every one knows Poultry. Paternoster row, Amen corner and Ave Maria lane have all kept their names since Roman Catholic times, hundreds of years ago, when the processions used to pass along chanting orisons. The principal street in Edinburgh is the famous Cowgate.

Her Dainty Hint.

"I dearly love birds," he gently sighed.

And then what did she do but hasten to the open piano and softly begin singing, "I wish I were a bird."

They are looking for a nest now.

A Bankrupt.

Howell—That was a queer petition in bankruptcy that Rowell filed, Powell—What was there queer about it? Howell—He gave his assets as one wife and his liabilities as alimony for three others.—Town Topics.

Achievement.

"Rightleigh says he has finished the most difficult part of his new novel."

"Found a publisher, has he?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

After Seven Years

By Belle Manistee

Copyright, 1905, by Belle Manistee

In the palm room of the Waldorf at a table partially obscured by a pot of palms sat John Browning. He was a man well past his first youth, of form erect and face bronzed by the sun that burned upon tropical battle fields. From his rather remote corner he scanned with interest every one who entered.

"After seven years," he thought, "I shouldn't expect to meet any acquaintances, but—ah, what luck!"

A party of four were seating themselves at a table near—a man and woman of middle age, a beautiful young woman with eyes that matched the violets she carried and a lemon faced youth, receding of chin and swinish of eye.

Browning was about to start forward when a voice at the nearest table spoke in subdued, but carrying tones:

"Lyle Vaughn's fiance! The engagement is cancelled, though not announced."

John Browning resumed his seat.

"It would have been the better," he thought, "if I had not called a halt on her affection for the trapper. Anything but this specimen! He is a link below the missing one!"

One of the voices at the next table again had a hearing:

"I admit he is not a howling success as to looks, but he has millions and antecedents."

John Browning scowled and continued his cogitations.

"Seven years since Lyle had her first little ripple of romance which I ended. I'll again be a disturber of dreams—or nightmares. I have a spur to her memory in my pocket now. Odd it should have reached me today!"

He drew from his pocket a newspaper clipping which he gave to a waiter with instructions as to delivery.

The violet eyed woman looked up in amazement at the waiter and then her gaze again fell on the paper. It was a four line local giving the number of licenses issued to date to deer hunters in northern Michigan.

When she had read it she looked around. Then she rose and he hurried to her with outstretched hand.

"Lyle! Little Lyle Vaughn!" he said in a soft, caressing voice that his command would have failed to recognize.

"John Browning! Now do I believe in the resurrection!"

Her father and mother claimed his attention, and after his presentation to Herbert Stuyvesant he seated himself beside Lyle.

The waiter again approached and handed Stuyvesant a telegram.

"My mother has another of her attacks," explained Stuyvesant to Mrs. Vaughn, and, with a lingering glance at Lyle's impassive features, he took a reluctant departure.

Mrs. Vaughn at once gave Browning an elaborate and profuse description of Stuyvesant's fortune and prospects.

The lady doth protest too much, thought John Browning, noting with amusement and satisfaction the infinite boredom in Lyle's face, an expression duly reflected in her father's quiet, even features.

"You must come home with us, John," insisted Mr. Vaughn, as they were leaving. "I don't care how late it is. I want to hear about these seven years and the wars."

"So do I," chimed in Lyle.

When they reached the house Mrs. Vaughn pleaded a headache. The others sat by the open fire in the library. Soon the soft, blue veil of good cigars invoked a wondrous tale of adventure from John Browning. Back in the shadows Lyle listened and followed over battlefields and African farms.

"I feel like Desdemona tonight," laughed Lyle, following him into the hall. "You've been very good to papa tonight, but I want a visit with you. Come down tomorrow morning at 11. Mamma will be shopping then."

"And Mr. Herbert Stuyvesant won't be here?" he asked.

"No. Why should he?"

She was a little discomfited by his steady gaze.

"I overheard some people in the palm room say he was your fiance."

"He isn't," she denied; "not—yet! I believe he'd like to be, and mamma lies awake nights fearing he won't be. Papa is trying to be reconciled."

"And you?"

"And I was fast failing in papa's state until—tonight when"—

"When"—

"I read that clipping."

She was not looking at him as she spoke and so did not see the dark flush that came to his bronzed face.

"Tomorrow at 11," he said tersely.

"Who sent you the clipping?"

"Plympton. He still hunts in Michigan every November."

"How it carried me back," she sighed. "Those lovely days in the open!"

It was very late when John Browning reached his hotel, but he did not go to bed until he had ignited a cigar and lived over again the deer hunting season of seven years ago which a party of eastern people, including Vaughn, Lyle and himself, had spent in northern Michigan.

Those were halcyon days when he and Lyle had tramped over fields lightly brushed with snow, through thickets and in the brown forest in pursuit of deer. At night they would return tired, happy and hungry to the big cabin, ready to start out again in the morning. Lyle had ever been a gay little comrade with him, but up there in the great northland of ice and snow he began to hope that he might not be too old, after all, to ask her to be something more than her father's friend.

At the end of two weeks, however, he acknowledged to himself his mistake. The party had secured a new guide, a handsome young Canadian Frenchman with soft voice and lustrous eyes. He knew every inch of ground and every trick of deer hunting.

Lyle, romantic, willful and headstrong, took snapshots of him in every conceivable pose. She demanded his services on all occasions and chatted with him in French, a language not understood by John Browning, who was deeply concerned at the young girl's fancy.

He reasoned with her father one night that the weather was getting altogether too severe for Lyle up there and it would be prudent for her to return with the Crosbys the next day. Vaughn acquiesced. He usually did acquiesce in any suggestion from Browning.

When her father announced to Lyle the next morning that she was to go home that day, to Browning's surprise, she did not raise any objections. He thought, though, that she seemed very serious when he bade her adieu.

The life and light went out of the party for him after her departure, and he was glad when the season ended. En route for lower Michigan, he received a dispatch calling him farther west on business, which detained him until April. He arrived in New York to learn that Lyle was in college. In the latter part of the month war with Spain was declared, and as an officer in the national guard he was mustered into the United States service and went to Cuba. Peace declared, he again returned to New York. This time Lyle and her parents were abroad. He followed, just missing them at every place in their orbital tour.

Then had come the war in Africa, and the "siren song of the bullet" lured him to the cause of the Boers. Now he was again in New York and was to see in the morning his little friend of the long ago who had grown into a charming woman.

She tossed him when he came into the library the next morning. "Still jealous of Plympton, John? You were such a story! Those cabin partitions were regular sounding boards. I heard your counsel to stand clear on return. Of course the severe weather was not the reason that ordered you away from station. You really thought I was in love with that handsome half breed!"

"And weren't you?"

"John!"

"But you talked of him, to him and with him incessantly. You must have had 127 photographs of him."

"That was partly because it plagued you."

"Partly! What was the other reason?"

"Maybe I'll tell you some time."

"When?"

"After another lapse of seven years."

"Still," he persisted, "you looked sad when you left for home."

"That was for the same reason."

"As what?"

"As the one I am to give you seven years hence."

"I am not going to wait seven years to tell you what I have known since you were a little schoolgirl, and you, with your powers of divining, Lyle, you surely must know that too!"

"No," she half whispered, "I don't know."

"You don't know, Lyle, that I have always loved you? I should never have had the hope and courage to tell you," he said presently. "If I had not seen you with the dime Herbert last night."

She laughed a soft, happy little laugh.

"I believe I won't wait seven years to tell you."

"No; tell me now."

"I have loved you ever since you gave me my first doll."

Where They Missed It.

It was their first baby.

The mother was in a perfect rapture.

It was an ugly baby, but she did not know it.

Happy young mother!

All of them are like her.

But the father had dark misgivings.

His salary was only $12.50 a week, and babies are expensive luxuries.

Her father was rich, but he had frowned upon their union and had heterodox and heretical notions as to supporting a son-in-law besides.

Cruel old man!

One day when the baby was about a month old the father came home from his office in the city and found his wife radiant.

She was not happy when the baby was out of her sight.

"What is it, Jennie?" asked her husband, for he was yet uncertain as to the blessings conferred by the baby.

He was also sleepy.

"Oh, Charlie," she interrupted, "I heard from papa today!"

Charlie looked gloomier than ever.

"Don't say anything, dear," she pleaded, for she knew her husband's opinion of her father. "He has heard of our baby, and, though he has not yet determined to forgive us, he has sent us a check for $250 for dear baby's sake."

At first the young husband's face lit up with pleasure, then it shadowed again.

"Are you glad, Charlie?" she asked, with a quivering lip.

Then he smiled joyfully.

"Yes, darling," he whispered, "but what a pity it wasn't twins!"—Illustrated Bits.

It Sometimes Is.

"How's the earth divided?" asked a pompous examiner who had already worn out the patience of the class.

"By earthquakes," replied one boy. After which the examiner found that he had had enough of that class.

THE CUNNING FOX.

Indian Legend of Why He Is Hated by the Wolf.

The wolf hates the fox. According to the Iroquois Indians, this is why: One cold, wintry day a fox who was prowling about looking to see where he might steal his dinner saw a wagon coming. It was loaded with fish and was driven by some fishermen who were taking home their day's catch. "Ah, ha!" said the cunning fox. "Here comes my dinner." And he fell down and pretended to be dead. The fishermen, seeing him, picked him up and threw him into the wagon among the fish. Then the fox slyly threw out some fish and when the fishermen were not looking jumped off himself and made off with the fish he had thrown out. Pretty soon afterward he met a wolf, who said, "I am hungry, and I guess I will eat you for my dinner." But the fox said, "Would you rather not have fish for dinner?" The wolf replied that on the whole he thought he would prefer fish. Then the cunning fox told him of the trick by which he had just got his own dinner and advised him to try it. The wolf was pleased with the idea, so he ran through the woods and headed off the team which the fishermen were driving, falling down in the road before it and pretending to be dead. But the fishermen, who had by this time discovered the trick the fox had played upon them, instead of taking him into the wagon, beat him with clubs so that he barely escaped with his life. And on a hillside near by sat the fox, who laughed and laughed.

LIGHT WAVES.

Different Kinds Brought Into Combination Produce Darkness.

Every light wave, as a wave of the sea, consists of two portions, in one of which the water is lifted above the general average level of the surrounding ocean and in the other is depressed below it. These two portions form the "crest" and the "trough" of the wave respectively.

If two or more sets of waves are caused to traverse the same surface, as by dropping stones into still water, for instance, a complicated network of ripples is produced. At certain points the crest of one wave will coincide with the crest of another, and the two will combine to form one crest of double the height, the trough also being twice the depth.

At other points the crest of one wave will fall on the trough of another, and as the same particles of water are called upon by equal forces to move in opposite directions at the same time they will remain stationary, and the surface will not be disturbed at those points.

Similarly, as light consists of waves in the ether, it has been shown by Fresnel that if one ray be caused to fall half a wave length behind another the troughs of one set of waves will combine with the crests of the other set to neutralize one another, so producing still ether, or dark patches, at those particular points in the midst of the surrounding light.

A Helpful Spirit.

There had at first been six names on the list of candidates to be sent by popular vote from the little seaport town to the great fair, but gradually the list had dwindled, for two of the candidates went so far ahead of all the others that it became a farce to retain the other names.

It was when affairs had been at this point for three weeks, and within twenty-four hours of the time set for counting the last votes, that Miss Mattie Hawley met one of the candidates on the street.

"I don't know what to do," said Miss Mattie with a distressed look in her eyes. "I want you to go, and I want her to go, so at last I bethought me how I could help you both. So I went into Jones' and bought ten dozen cakes of soap and put half the coupons in for you and half for her."—Youth's Companion.

Spreading Gloom.

No accusation is commoner among intimates than that of spreading gloom. Each member of a family privately feels how cheery he or she would be if only the others would make an effort to be cheerful too.

"I am naturally of a gay disposition," said a young man to his friend as they walked sadly along together, "but I require an echo."

"And I can be very gay, too," said the other, "but I also require an echo."

They continued their walk in dreary silence.—London Outlook.

The Poetical Farmers of Korea.

The Korean who is a poet before he is a cultivator, speaks of his rice as "the golden sand." When it sprouts it is "the bright green field." It then becomes "the blue green plain." When it begins to ripen it is "the mottled jade wave," when ripe, "the yellow gold wave." When cut it is "the yellow ice," and when harvested it is "the home of the golden child."

Capable Both Ways.

Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Jim? Her Father—No. He appears to be capable of nothing. Pretty Daughter—But what objection have you to George? Her Father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.

Sarcasm.

He—If I had known how sarcastic you were, I never would have married you. She—You had an opportunity of noticing it. Didn't I say, "This is so sudden," when you proposed to me after a three years' courtship?

"If," in an offer to give something, is generally a padlock with the key in the river.—Atchison Globe.

Subscribe for The MINER and get all the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling; no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

MASSIVE BANK SAFES

VAULTS THAT ARE BURGLAR, FIRE AND WATER PROOF.

Doors That Weigh Twelve Tons Each Made of Steel Ten Inches Thick, With Hinges That Weigh a Ton Each — Time Locks and Night Watchmen.

Merchants are robbed. The safes of country banks that carry a surplus of perhaps $10,000 or $20,000 are often riddled by burglars. How is it that the millions quietly reposing within the doors of scores of banks in the larger cities are never attempted? It is a fact that during the last quarter of a century or more no attack, successful or otherwise, has been made on any bank vault in the United States in cities of over 50,000 inhabitants. Most of the bank robberies occurring today take place in towns of 2,500 to 7,500 inhabitants. In the larger cities, where the treasure really is, no one even attempts to rob a bank.

Why is this?

Money can protect money. That is the whole secret. The country banks depend on safes costing perhaps a few hundred dollars; a great city bank spends perhaps $150,000 for its burglar and fireproof vaults. And these vaults are proof. They are absolutely unassailable. The guarding of a bank's money has been reduced to such a science that a banker, having once taken the proper precautions, never gives the matter a further thought, though he has a million dollars within its doors. The fireproofing for a large vault can be constructed for from $10,000 to $15,000. It is the burglar proof steel lining that brings the cost of vault construction up to the six figure mark.

Think of a steel door weighing twelve tons or of a hinge alone weighing one ton! When that door consists of ten inches of drill proof steel, plate lapped on plate, do you wonder that even the most daring burglar has never attempted it? Such a great door usually has some four and twenty two or three inch steel bolts which shoot out automatically in four directions as soon as the door is closed. The entire closing of the door is absolutely water tight. The closing has actually been tested one whole night under water. This closing is of the "tongue and groove" variety and the groove is packed with packing.

This formidable door is furnished with a time lock that can be set for any number of hours and that cannot be opened until the hour for which it is set arrives. The door is furnished with perhaps three duplicate timbers, so that if two should fail to work there would still be one to open the door. Inside the great door a massive grating called the day grate gives access to the vault.

To this chamber, which, with its four inch walls of drill proof steel, is worthy of Vulcan himself, only the active officials of the bank have entrance. Here are the tellers' safes, where they keep the money for the day's business. Here are bags of gold, $5,000 in each, piled up like so many bags of buttons, each bag most securely tied and sealed. Here are packages of bills stacked up like bricks—the ones and twos in $1,000 packages, the fives in $5,000 packages, and the tens and twenties in $10,000 packages. The bills in each of these packages have been counted, tied up and sealed by two persons in the presence of each other, so that the bank can guarantee the amounts as given on the labels without recounting.

Here, besides the tellers' safes, are compartments where the collateral received for loans to depositors is kept.

But this is only the outer division of the vault chamber. Beyond is another massive grating dividing the vault into two rooms. No single official can penetrate to the inner shrine, and one of the two officials necessarily present must be a director of the bank. Here are where repose the reserve funds of the bank—millions of gold and paper money. The reserve funds are kept in safes on which the locks are timed to open every morning, so that if necessary the bank tellers could have the money at a moment's notice. The two divisions of the vault form really one chamber with walls of drill proof steel. The walls are drill proof, yet as a matter of fact the up to date burglar does not work with drills. A few sticks of dynamite, some nitroglycerin in a bottle, with alcohol, putty, candles, wire, wire nippers and an exhaust pump, are the principal items in his outfit. With these tools he often "makes an impression" on a small safe.

But a single charge of dynamite heavy enough to open the joints of a big vault would wreck the whole building. Unlimited time, therefore, in which to work would be necessary to the successful wrecking of a drill proof vault by explosives, for it would be necessary to use a long succession of small charges, to work patiently at plate after plate, and the conditions make this absolutely impossible. The reason such great pains are taken to make all joints water tight is to guard against the introduction of nitroglycerin, which has about the consistency of honey or common glycerin. Nitroglycerin is not effective unless it is inside the safe or vault.

The entire great steel room is made fireproof by being inclosed in brick or tile or cement walls, between which and the steel walls is an air space four or five inches thick. Air is a nonconductor of heat, and, being interposed between the brick and the steel walls, prevents the latter from becoming overheated. So perfect is the protection that even when a building has been destroyed the contents of the vaults within have remained unchanged. Several times has this result been noted after fierce fires in the big cities in which bank buildings have suffered.

Notwithstanding these extraordinary safeguards against fire and thieves offered by these walls of steel and fireproof brick just described, the bank vaults are never left without human guards. All night three watchmen patrol the entire building. These men are required to set off certain signals in various parts of the building every half hour. The record of these signals is shown on an electric clock. If one watchman failed to make one signal at the proper time the record clock would disclose such failure. Besides these ordinary signals there are alarm boxes near the vault door where the watchman can ring up the police, fire department, etc.

Even should three watchmen fail in their duty—something hardly to be imagined, since it would mean ruin to the men—there is an automatic alarm set off by any contact with the inner surface of the vault, so if one can imagine the unimaginable and suppose the impossible, that by any means a thief could get through the walls or the door of the vault, the moment he reached the inner surface a gong on the roof or in the street in front of the bank building would clang out an alarm that would be heard three blocks away.

A still further piling of Ossa on Pelion is the insurance which all the large bankers carry on their depositors' money, stocks, bonds and other collateral.

Considering all these extraordinary safeguards which are commonly taken by a bank, is it any wonder that, with the exceptions noted, no bank vault in the large cities has been even attempted during the last quarter of a century.—Chicago Tribune.

FILLING THE MOLDS.

A Novice's First Day's Experience in an Iron Foundry.

Finally the molds were all closed and clamped with iron bars as though they were expected to withstand dynamite. The men left off work and stood in groups, joking one another as though the day was done. But it was far from done. Presently from the cupola, which had been roaring with a strong forced draft and glowing red at the peepholes, issued a slender stream of fire, first dull red, then yellow as a canary. As it coursed down the spout and fell splashing to the floor a myriad of tiny livid beads sputtered in the air, each bursting with a hiss into a spangle of light like the most delicate and beautiful sort of miniature skyrockets. Yes, it was iron, and a very strange thing it was to see so dull and solid a metal running like syrup.

Soon the crane set down a big ladle under the stream, and as it filled the fireworks increased to a very torrent of sparks, falling upon the bystanders, to their obvious discomfort, and great floods of light rose from the molten pool, illuminating the black rafters and transforming my somber associates to red fiends who brandished glowing "skimmers" in the air.

At the right moment a man with a clay plug on the end of a long pole stopped the flow, and the ladle, with much shouting of "Histe awny," went swinging high overhead on the crane, casting weird shadows. As it stopped over the opening of a mold my curiosity reached a climax and I drew near. There was a moment's hesitation by the men at the turning handles, as if waiting for something, and then a man clapped me on the shoulder, saying, "Here, you'll do; take this and hold it so, to skim back the slag," and I found myself, willy nilly, holding a bar across the lip of the ladle within three feet of the fearful stream that already began to pour into the mold with a gurgle like boiling oil. Now this was my very last hour, I felt sure. A blinding, shrivelling heat played upon my face and arms when the ladle tipped toward me, as though I were looking down the throat of a small volcano. Breathing was out of the question for the moment. I felt my countenance ready to crack open like a roasted chestnut.—From "The Molders," by Benjamin Brooks in Scribner's.

Achieving a Reputation.

Professor Phelps used to tell with glee of the way he achieved a reputation for knowing a thing he hated. He took a walk with Professor Newton, who lived in the world of mathematics, and started off at once to discuss an abstruse problem. Mr. Phelps' mind could not follow and wandered to other things. At last he was called back when the professor wound up with "which, you see, gives us X." "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps politely. "Why, doesn't it?" exclaimed the professor excitedly, alarmed at the possibility of a flaw in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back and detected a mistake. "You are right, Mr. Phelps. You are right!" shouted the professor. "It doesn't give us X; it gives us Y." And from that time Professor Phelps was looked upon as a mathematical prodigy, the first man who ever tripped the professor.—Christian Register.

Took Them For Lunatics.

A well known aeronaut, in company with others, made an unexpected descent in the ground of a lunatic asylum. The porter knew nothing of their novel arrival and refused to allow them to drive away. He didn't exactly tell them they were lunatics, but tactfully implied as much. He pointed out that as he had not passed them in as visitors they were not entitled to go out as visitors. "But," said the aeronaut, "we came by balloon." "Ah," said the porter, eying them with amused compassion, "I thought so." And it was some time before he could be persuaded that a story he had heard so often before was for once quite true.—London Globe.

Musical Taste.

"Say, pa!"

"Well, what?"

"Why does that man in the band run the trombone down his throat?"

"I suppose it is because he has a taste for music."—Town Topics.

Interpreted.

"She told me," said the young man who had consulted a fortune teller, "that I was born to command."

"Well, well," exclaimed Henpeck, "she means, then, that you will never be married."

One-half of our life is spent in making experiments; the other half in regretting them.—Brown Book.

LENGTHY SERMONS.

Five or Six Hours at a Stretch and Divisions Up to "Eighty-sixthly."

No English congregation would have listened to such sermons as used to be popular in the Presbyterian churches of Scotland. There is indeed a story told of a dissenting preacher named Lobb in the seventeenth century who, when South went to hear him, "being mounted up in the pulpit and naming his text, made nothing of splitting it up into twenty-six divisions, upon which separately he very carefully undertook to expatiate in their order. Thereupon the doctor rose up, and, jogging the friend who bore him company, said, 'Let us go home and fetch our gowns and slippers, for I find this man will make night work of it.'"

But Mr. Lobb himself was humane in the pulpit as compared to a certain Mr. Thomas Boston, to whose sermons Sir Archibald Geikie has drawn attention in his "Scottish Reminiscences." Mr. Thomas Boston, who wrote a book called "Primitive et Ultima," was minister of the gospel at Ettrick. In a sermon on "Fear and Hope, Objects of the Divine Complacency," from the text Psalm cxlvii, 11, "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him and in those that hope in his mercy," Mr. Boston, "after an introduction in four sections, deduced six doctrines, each subdivided into from three to eight heads, but the last doctrine required another sermon which contained 'a practical improvement of the whole,' arranged under eighty-six heads. A sermon on Matthew xi, 28, was subdivided into seventy-six heads." On this text, indeed, Mr. Boston preached four such sermons.

It is more than doubtful whether any brains or hearts south of the Tweed could have stood the strain of such discourses. But a Scotch preacher, not in the present degenerate age, has been known to preach from five to six hours at a stretch, and sometimes when one preacher had finished his sermon another would begin and there would be a succession of preachers delivering sermon upon sermon until the unhappy congregations were kept listening to "the word" for as many as ten hours without a break—Bishop Wilson in the Nineteenth Century.

LOVE.

Love is kindly and deceitless.—Yeats.

Love can sun the realms of night.—Schiller.

Love's a thing that's never out of season.—Barry Cornwall.

They do not love that do not show their love.—Shakespeare.

He that shuts out love in turn shall be shut out by love.—Tennyson.

The greatest miracle of love is the cure of coquetry.—La Rochefoucauld.

Love is master of the wisest; it is only fools that defy him.—Thackeray.

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.—Ninonde l'Enclos.

The magic of first love is the ignorance that it can ever end.—Beaconsfield.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence.—Byron.

It is impossible to love a second time when we have once really ceased to love.—La Rochefoucauld.

Everyday Swindlers.

"There it goes again," said the trolley conductor as he rang the bell to let off a passenger who had only ridden for a square.

"You'd be astonished," continued the knight of the bell strap, "to know how many people try to beat the trolley for a free ride when they want to make a call a square or two away from home.

"They hop on the car, wait till it has started and then want to know if the car doesn't go to some place which they know it doesn't come within a mile of. In this way they get their ride for nothing and go on their way in the belief that they have fooled the conductor."—Philadelphia Press.

Discretion a Failure.

"I was at the husking bee one day. Great fun."

"Find a red ear?"

"Yes."

"Kiss the prettiest girl?"

"Nope. Didn't dare. All the pretty girls were engaged to lusky farmers."

"What did you do?"

"Kissed the homeliest girl."

"Did that give satisfaction?"

"Not a bit of it. Each of the husky farmers felt that I had personally snubbed his best girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Grand Present.

The Bridegroom—You said you were going to give me a grand present on our wedding day. How about it? His Father-in-law—Didn't I give you my daughter?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Lowest Rates to St. Louis and Return

Via the Nickel Plate Road. Stopover allowed at Chicago on all World's Fair tickets, and at Cleveland, on all except the coach excursion tickets. For particulars see local ticket agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

$14 Buffalo to St. Louis and Return.

Tickets on sale every day except Fridays and Saturdays, until November 24th. Good seven days. See local Agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 15, 1904:

James L. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Etta McKnight, Mrs. N. H., Northern Tier Lumber Co., Miss Alice Olson 2.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in every Home.

KIDNEY and LIVER cure.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and weaknesses peculiar to women. Successful for 30 years. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY'S SON'S, Rondout, N. Y. $1.00 all druggists. Six bottles $5.00.

$3.50--Regal Shoes--$3.50

Our representative, Mr. L. J. Wing, will be at the Imperial Hotel, Oct. 28th, day and evening, with a complete line of fall and winter styles in Men's and Women's shoes. Mr. Wing is fully competent of fitting you to your satisfaction and guarantees same. All styles, $3.50; express, prepaid, $3.75.

Headquarters, 1218 Market St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes,

Smethport - Penn.

March 8, 1903

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single & double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. R. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhee

LION BRAND SHIRTS

are the dressiest, best fitting (and guaranteed) non-fading $1.00 & $1.50 Shirts made, and yet we offer, for 2 weeks, a small quantity of these same soft bosom, negligee shirts at

75c each

or 3 for $2.00. The best patterns go to the first comer.

Wm. Monheimer.

C. A. BURDICK

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

LOOK ME UP

When in need of anything in

Fruit and Green Goods,

I always have on hand a complete line of Periodicals, Magazines, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, etc.

Give me a call.

Ellwood Gaskin,
Smethport, Pa.

Five Thousand Dollars in Cash!

$5000 FOR INQUIRER READERS $5000

The following prizes will be given to those among the readers of The Philadelphia Inquirer who shall most nearly predict the total vote cast at the next Presidential election, to be held Tuesday, November 8, 1904.

First Prize	$2,000.00 in cash
Second Prize	1,000.00 in cash
Third Prize	500.00 in cash
Fourth Prize	250.00 in cash
Fifth Prize	100.00 in cash
Sixth Prize	50.00 in cash
Seventh Prize	25.00 in cash
20 prizes of $10 each	200.00 in cash
175 Prizes of $5 each	875.00 in cash
202 Prizes in all	$5,000 in cash

Read the Conditions.

This contest is based on the total vote to be cast for the office of President of the United States and will close at midnight November 7, 1904, and no coupons received after that time will be considered.

The official figures will determine the result and prizes will be awarded accordingly.

In case two or more correct estimates are received, the first prize will be awarded to the earliest one, priority being determined by the time of receipt at the Inquirer office, and the others will receive second prize, and so on in their regular order.

Each estimate must be sent in on the coupon printed daily (or a similar one cut from The Inquirer) with twenty-five cents for one month's advance subscription to the daily Inquirer.

If more than one estimate is sent, twenty-five cents additional for each one must be inclosed, the extra money being applied as further payment in advance on the sender's subscription, or at whatever other address he may wish the paper delivered. Thus, if four estimates are sent, one dollar must be inclosed in payment for four months' advance subscription to The Inquirer, or twenty-five cents for each one.

No coupons without the subscription will be entered in the contest.

Pay no money to agents or solicitors.

All coupons, together with the necessary subscription for each, must be mailed or brought to The Inquirer office for proper registration in the contest. The Inquirer will be delivered by your regular carrier or country agent, and the amount of your subscription will be sent to him by The Inquirer as your advance payment for the specified time.

Do not write in this space

Date.....1904

No.....

I predict that the total number of votes cast in the United States on November 8, 1904, for the office of President will be.....

Inclosed find twenty-five cents for which please (mail deliver) The Inquirer for one month to

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Send this coupon with remittance to the

EDITOR PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST,
THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Name of Carrier .....

Give name of present carrier if you are a regular subscriber.

REMEMBER, that the earliest correct solution will be awarded the first prize. So send in your coupons AT ONCE.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. H. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. H. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. K. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.